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# THE BAB BALLADS

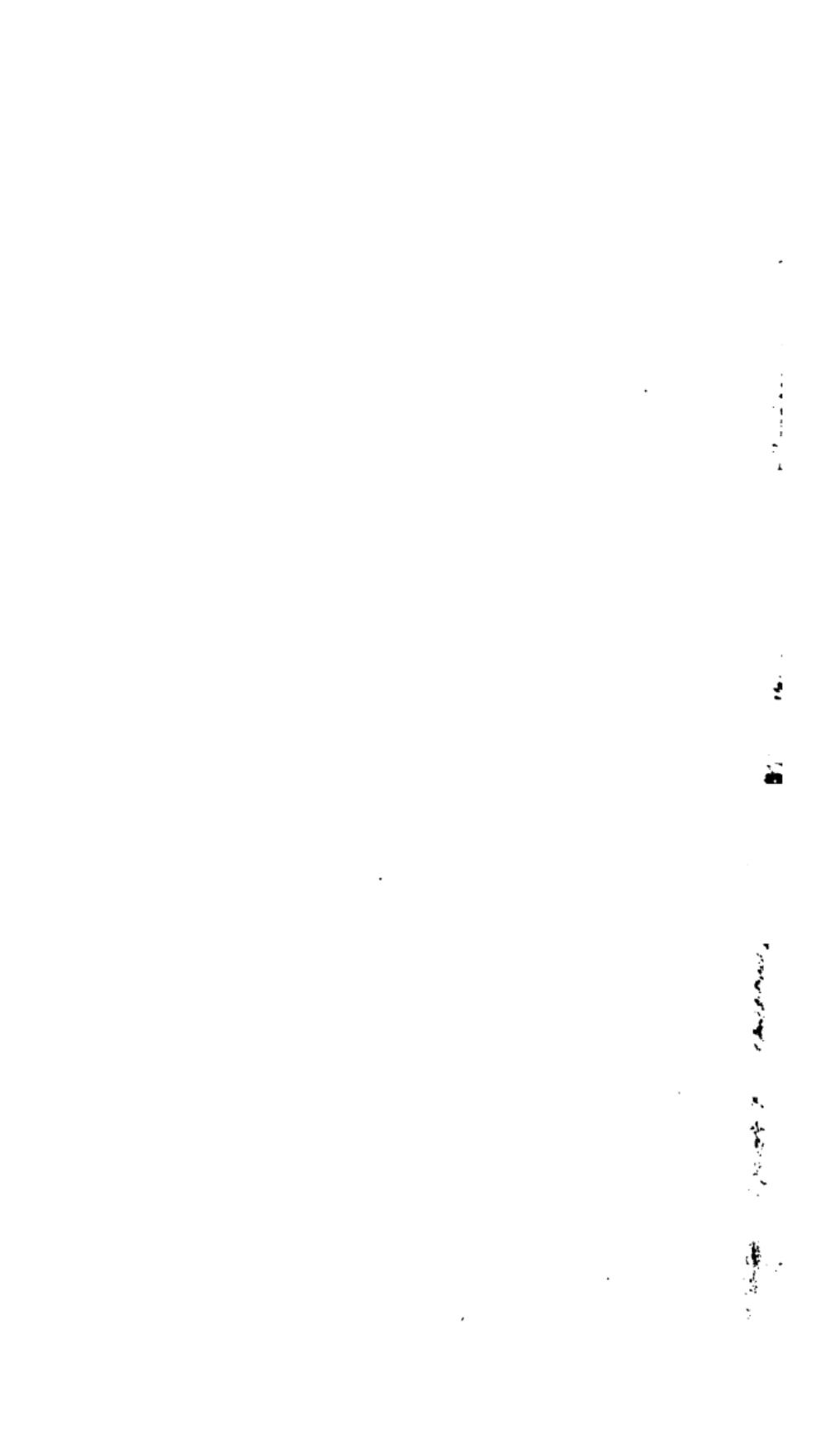
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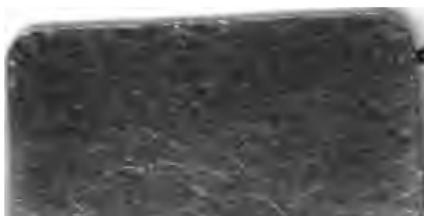
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***The “BAB” BALLADS***



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# *The "Bab" Ballads*

MUCH SOUND &  
LITTLE SENSE

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*By W. S. GILBERT*

*With ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR*

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**NEW YORK · R. H. RUSSELL  
PUBLISHER · M C M V I**

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*Arranged and Printed by the  
Wayside Department of The Uni-  
versity Press, Cambridge, U. S. A.*

## P R E F A C E

*I*T appears nowadays to be an absolute necessity that the subject-matter of even the most insignificant books should be heralded by a Preface; and I believe that there are on record instances of authors who have experienced no difficulty whatever in spinning very slender materials into a three-volume novel, and yet have found themselves terribly perplexed when called upon by their publishers to fill two or three pages with a vindication of their motives in writing it: just as busy people find it very easy to be guilty of an impertinence, but very difficult indeed to apologize satisfactorily for it.

I have some reason to believe that the Ballads, which now appear for the first time in a collected form, have achieved a certain whimsical popularity among a special class of readers. I hope to gather, from their publication in a separate volume, whether that popularity (such as it is) is a thing to be gratified with. With respect to the Ballads themselves, I do not know that I have anything very definite to say about them, except that they are not, as a rule, founded upon fact.

I have ventured to publish the illustrations

*with them because, while they are certainly quite as bad as the Ballads, I suppose they are not much worse. If, therefore, the Ballads are worthy of publication in a collected form, the little pictures would have a right to complain if they were omitted. I do not know that they would avail themselves of that right, but I should, nevertheless, have it on my conscience that I had been guilty of partiality. If, on the other hand, the Ballads should unfortunately be condemned as wholly unworthy of the dignity with which the Publishers have invested them, they will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have companions in misfortune in the rather clumsy sketches that accompany them.*

W. S. G.

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# *The “Bab” Ballads*



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## *The "Bab" Ballads*

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### CAPTAIN REECE

**O**F all the ships upon the blue,  
No ship contained a better crew  
Than that of worthy CAPTAIN REECE,  
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,  
For worthy CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,  
Did all that lay within him to  
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,  
Their captain

danced to  
them like  
mad,  
Or told, to  
make the  
time pass  
by,

Droll legends of his infancy.



A feather bed had every man,  
Warm slippers and hot-water can,  
Brown windsor from the captain's store,  
A valet, too, to every four.

## THE "BAB" BALLADS

Did they with thirst in summer burn ?

Lo, seltzogens

at every

turn,

And on all

very

sultry

days

Cream ices

handed round

on trays.



Then currant wine and ginger pops  
Stood handily on all the "tops :"  
And, also, with amusement rife,  
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea  
From MISTER MUDIE's libraree ;  
*The Times* and *Saturday Review*  
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,  
Was quite devoted to his men ;  
In point of fact, good CAPTAIN REECE,  
Beatified *The Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,  
He said (addressing all his men) :  
" Come, tell me, please, what I can do  
To please and gratify my crew.

“ By any reasonable plan  
 I ’ll make you happy if I can ;  
 My own convenience count as *nil* ;  
 It is my duty, and I will.”

Then up and  
 answered

WILLIAM LEE,  
 (The kindly  
 captain’s  
 coxswain he,  
 A nervous, shy,  
 low-spoken  
 man)  
 He cleared his  
 throat and  
 thus began :



“ You have a daughter, CAPTAIN REECE,  
 Ten female cousins and a niece,  
 A ma, if what I ’m told is true,  
 Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

“ Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,  
 More friendly-like we all should be,  
 If you united of ’em to  
 Unmarried members of the crew.

“ If you ’d ameliorate our life,  
 Let each select from them a wife ;  
 And as for nervous me, old pal,  
 Give me your own enchanting gal ! ”

## THE "BAB" BALLADS

Good CAPTAIN REECE, that worthy man,  
 Debated on his coxswain's plan :  
 "I quite agree," he said, "O BILL  
 It is my duty, and I will.



" My Has just  
 daughter, been  
 that promised  
 enchanting to an  
 gurl, earl,  
 And all my other familee  
 To peers of various degree.

" But what are dukes and viscounts to  
 The happiness of all my crew ?  
 The word I gave you I 'll fulfil ;  
 It is my duty, and I will.

" As you desire it shall befall,  
 I 'll settle thousands on you all,  
 And I shall be, despite my hoard,  
 The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,  
 He blushed and spoke to CAPTAIN REECE :  
 " I beg your honor's leave," he said,  
 " If you would wish to go and wed,

" I have a widowed mother who  
 Would be the very thing for you —  
 She long has loved you from afar,  
 She washes for you, CAPTAIN R."

The captain saw the dame that day —  
Addressed her in his playful way —

“ And did  
it want a  
wedding  
ring ?

It was a  
tempting  
ickle sing !



“ Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,  
We ’ll all be married this day week —  
At yonder church upon the hill ;  
It is my duty, and I will ! ”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,  
And widowed ma of CAPTAIN REECE,  
Attended there as they were bid ;  
It was their duty, and they did.

## THE RIVAL CURATES

**L**IST while the poet trolls  
**W**Of Mr. CLAYTON HOOPER,  
 Who had a cure of souls  
 At Spiffton-extra-Sooper.

He lived on curds and whey,  
 And daily sang their praises,  
 And then he 'd go and play  
 With buttercups and daisies.

Wild croquet HOOPER banned,  
 And all the sports of Mammon,  
 He warred with cribbage, and  
 He exorcised backgammon.

His helmet was a glance  
 That spoke of holy gladness ;  
 A saintly smile his lance,  
 His shield a tear of sadness.

His Vicar smiled to see  
 This armor on him buckled :  
 With pardonable glee  
 He blessed himself and chuckled.

" In mildness to abound  
 My curate's sole design is,  
 In all the country round  
 There 's none so mild as mine is ! "



And HOOPER, disinclined  
 His trumpet to be blowing,  
 Yet did n't think you 'd find  
 A milder curate going.

A friend arrived one day  
 At Spiffton-extra-Sooper,  
 And in this shameful way  
 He spoke to MR. HOOPER :

“ You think your famous name  
 For mildness can't be shaken,  
 That none can blot your fame—  
 But, HOOPER, you 're mistaken !

“ Your mind is not as blank  
 As that of HOPLEY PORTER,  
 Who holds a curate's rank  
 At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

“ *He* plays the airy flute,  
 And looks  
 depressed and  
 blighted,  
 Doves round  
 about  
 him  
 ‘toot,’  
 And lambkins  
 dance  
 delighted.



"*He labors more than you  
At worsted work, and frames it;  
In old maids' albums, too,  
Sticks seaweed — yes, and names it!"*

The tempter said his say,  
Which pierced him like a needle —  
He summoned straight away  
His sexton and his beadle.

(These men were men who could  
Hold liberal opinions :  
On Sundays they were good —  
On week-days they were minions.)

"*To HOPLEY PORTER go  
Your fare I will afford you —  
Deal him a deadly blow  
And blessings shall reward you.*

"*But stay — I do not like  
Undue assassination,  
And so before you strike,  
Make this communication :*

"*I 'll give him this one chance —  
If he 'll more gaily bear him,  
Play croquet, smoke, and dance,  
I willingly will spare him."*

They went, those minions true,  
To Assesmilk-cum-Worter,  
And told their errand to  
The REVEREND HOPLEY PORTER.



“ What ? ” said that reverend gent,  
 “ Dance through my hours of leisure ?  
 Smoke ? — bathe myself with scent ? —  
 Play croquet ? Oh, with pleasure !

“ Wear all my hair in curl ?  
 Stand at my door and wink — so : —  
 At every passing girl ?  
 My brothers, I should think so !

“ For years I ’ve longed for some  
 Excuse for this revulsion :  
 Now that excuse has come —  
 I do it on compulsion ! ! ! ”

He smoked and winked away —  
 This REVEREND  
 HOPELY PORTER —  
 The deuce there was to pay  
 At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.



And HOOPER holds his ground,  
 In mildness daily growing —  
 They think him, all around,  
 The mildest curate going.

## ONLY A DANCING GIRL

ONLY a dancing girl,  
 With an unromantic style,  
 With borrowed color and curl,  
 With fixed mechanical smile,  
 With many a hackneyed wile,  
 With ungrammatical lips,  
 And corns that mar her trips !



Hung from the "flies" in air,  
 She acts a palpable lie,  
 She 's as little a fairy there  
 As unpoetical I !  
 I hear you asking, Why —  
 Why in the world I sing  
 This tawdry, tinselled thing ?

No airy fairy she,  
 As she hangs in arsenic green,  
 From a highly impossible tree,

## ONLY A DANCING GIRL 11

In a highly impossible scene  
(Herself not over clean).  
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,  
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring  
Their daughters there to see,  
Pronounce the "dancing thing"  
No better than she should be.  
With her skirt at her shameful knee,  
And her painted, tainted phiz :  
Ah, matron, which of us is ?

(And, in sooth, it oft occurs  
That while these matrons sigh,  
Their dresses are lower than hers,  
And sometimes half as high ;  
And their hair is hair they buy,  
And they use their glasses, too,  
In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green  
For a coarse merino gown,  
And see her upon the scene  
Of her home, when coaxing down  
Her drunken father's frown,  
In his squalid cheerless den :  
She's a fairy truly, then !

## GENERAL JOHN

THE bravest names for fire and flames,  
 And all that mortal durst,  
 Were GENERAL JOHN and PRIVATE JAMES,  
 Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

GENERAL JOHN was a soldier tried,

A chief  
 of  
 warlike  
 dons ;  
 A haughty  
 stride  
 and a  
 withering  
 pride



Were MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN's.

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,

Superior birth to show ;

"Pish!" was a favorite word of his,

And he often said "Ho! ho!"

FULL-PRIVATE JAMES described might be

As a man of a mournful mind ;

No characteristic trait had he

Of any distinctive kind.

From the ranks, one day, cried PRIVATE JAMES,  
 " Oh ! MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN,  
 I 've doubts of our respective names,  
 My mournful mind upon.

" A glimmering thought occurs to me,  
 (Its source I can't unearth)  
 But I 've a kind of notion we  
 Were cruelly changed at birth.

" I 've a strange idea, each other's names  
 That we have each got on.  
 Such things have been," said PRIVATE JAMES.  
 " They have ! " sneered GENERAL JOHN.

" My GENERAL JOHN, I swear upon  
 My oath I think 't is so — ”  
 " Pish ! " proudly sneered his GENERAL JOHN,  
 And he also said, " Ho ! ho ! ”

" My GENERAL JOHN ! my GENERAL JOHN !  
 My GENERAL  
 JOHN ! ”  
 quoth he,  
 " This aristo-  
 cratical sneer  
 upon  
 Your face  
 I blush  
 to see !



"No truly great or generous cove  
 Deserving of them names  
 Would sneer at a fixed idea that's drove  
 In the mind of a PRIVATE JAMES!"

Said GENERAL JOHN, "Upon your claims  
 No need your breath to waste ;  
 If this is a joke, FULL-PRIVATE JAMES,  
 It's a joke of doubtful taste.

"But being a man of doubtless worth,  
 If you feel certain quite  
 That we were probably changed at birth,  
 I'll venture to say you're right."

So GENERAL JOHN as PRIVATE JAMES  
 Fell in, parade upon ;  
 And PRIVATE JAMES, by change of names,  
 Was MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN.



## TO A LITTLE MAID

*By a Policeman*

**C**OME with me, little maid,  
 Nay, shrink not, thus afraid —  
 I 'll harm thee not !  
 Fly not, my love, from me —  
 I have a home for thee —  
 A fairy grot,  
 Where mortal eye  
 Can rarely pry,  
 There shall thy dwelling be !



List to me, while I tell  
 The pleasures of that cell,  
 Oh, little maid !  
 What though its couch be rude,  
 Homely the only food  
 Within its shade ?  
 No thought of care  
 Can enter there,  
 No vulgar swain intrude !

Come with me, little maid,  
Come to the rocky shade,  
    I love to sing ;  
Live with us, maiden rare —  
Come, for we " want " thee there,  
    Thou elfin thing,  
        To work thy spell,  
        In some cool cell  
In stately Pentonville !

## JOHN AND FREDDY

**J**OHN courted lovely MARY ANN,  
So likewise did his brother FREDDY,  
**F**RED was

a very soft  
young man,  
While JOHN,  
though quick,  
was most  
unsteady.



**Y**oung FRED  
had grace all  
men above,  
But JOHN was  
very much  
the strongest.

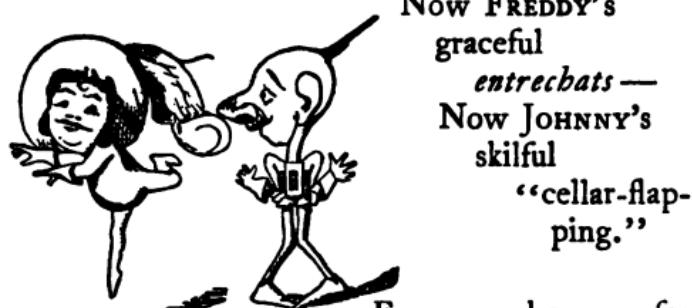
“ Oh, dance,” said she, “ to win my love—  
I’ll marry him who dances longest.”

JOHN tries the maiden’s taste to strike  
With gay, grotesque, outrageous dresses,  
And dances comically, like  
**CLODOCHE AND Co.**, at the Princess’s.

But FREDDY tries another style,  
He knows some graceful steps and does ‘ em —  
A breathing Poem — Woman’s smile —  
A man all poesy and buzzem.

Now FREDDY's operatic *pas* —

Now JOHNNY's hornpipe seems entrapping :



Now FREDDY's  
graceful  
*entrechats* —  
Now JOHNNY's  
skilful  
"cellar-flap-  
ping."

For many hours — for  
many days —

For many weeks performed each brother.  
For each was active in his ways,  
And neither would give in to t'other.

After a month of this, they say

(The maid was getting bored and moody)

A wandering

curate

passed that

way

And talked

a lot of

goody-goody.



"Oh my," said he,  
with solemn frown,

"I tremble for each dancing *frater*,  
Like unregenerated clown

And harlequin at some thee-ayter."

He showed that men, in dancing, do  
 Both impiously and absurdly,  
 And proved his proposition true,  
 With Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly.

For months both JOHN and FREDDY danced,  
 The curate's protests little heeding ;  
 For months the curate's words enhanced  
 The sinfulness of their proceeding.

At length they bowed to Nature's  
 rule —  
 Their steps grew feeble and un-  
 steady,  
 Till FREDDY fainted on a stool,  
 And JOHNNY on the top of FREDDY.

“ Decide ! ” quoth they ; “ let him  
 be named  
 Who henceforth as his wife may rank you.”  
 “ I 've changed my views,” the maiden said,  
 “ I only marry curates, thank you ! ”

Says FREDDY, “ Here is goings on !  
 To bust myself with rage I 'm ready.”  
 “ I 'll be a curate ! ” whispers JOHN —  
 “ And I,” exclaimed poetic FREDDY.

But while they read for it, these chaps,  
 The curate booked the maiden bonny —  
 And when she 's buried him, perhaps,  
 She 'll marry FREDERICK or JOHNNY.





## SIR GUY THE CRUSAIDER

**S**IR GUY was a doughty crusader,  
 A muscular knight,  
 Ever ready to fight,  
 A very determined invader,  
 And **DICKEY DE LION**'s delight.

**LENORE** was a Saracen maiden,  
 Brunette, statuesque,  
 The reverse of grotesque ;  
 Her pa was a bagman at Aden,  
 Her mother she played in burlesque.



A *coryphée* pretty and loyal,  
 In amber and red,  
 The ballet she led ;  
 Her mother performed at  
 the Royal,  
**LENORE** at the Saracen's  
 Head.

Of face and of figure majestic,  
 She dazzled the cits —  
 Ecstaticized pits ; —  
 Her troubles were only domestic,  
 But drove her half out of her wits.

Her father incessantly lashed her,  
 On water and bread  
 She was grudgingly fed ;  
 Whenever her father he thrashed her  
 Her mother sat down on her head.

GUY saw her, and loved her, with reason,  
 For beauty      Set him  
 so                      mad with  
 bright                      delight;  
 He purchased a stall for the  
 season,  
 And sat in it every night.

His views were exceedingly  
 proper,  
 He wanted to wed,  
 So he called at her shed  
 And saw her progenitor whop her —  
 Her mother sit down on her head.

“ So pretty,” said he, “ and so trusting!  
 You brute of a dad,  
 You unprincipled cad,  
 Your conduct is really disgusting.  
 Come, come, now, admit it’s too bad!



" You 're a turbaned old Turk, and  
 malignant —  
 Your daughter LENOORE  
 I intensely adore,  
 And I cannot help feeling indignant,  
 A fact that I hinted before.

" To see a fond father employing  
 A deuce of a knout  
 For to bang her about,  
 To a sensitive lover 's annoying."  
 Said the bagman, " Crusader, get  
 out ! "



Says Guy, " Shall  
 a warrior laden  
 With  
 a big  
 spiky  
 knob  
 Stand idly  
 and sob,

While a beautiful Saracen  
 maiden  
 Is whipped by a Saracen  
 snob ?

" To London I 'll go from my charmer."  
 Which he did, with his loot  
 (Seven hats and a flute),  
 And was nabbed for his Sydenham armor,  
 At MR. BEN-SAMUEL 's suit.

## SIR GUY THE CRUSADER 23

SIR Guy he was lodged in the Compter,  
    Her pa, in a rage,  
    Died (don't know his age),  
His daughter, she married the prompter,  
    Grew bulky and quitted the stage.

## HAUNTED

**H**AUNTED? Aye, in a social way,  
By a body of ghosts in dread array :  
But no conventional spectres they —

Appalling, grim, and tricky :  
I quail at mine as I 'd never quail  
At a fine traditional spectre pale,  
With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,  
And a splash of blood on the dicky !

Mine are horrible, social ghosts,  
Speeches and women and guests and hosts  
Weddings and morning calls and toasts,

In every bad variety :  
Ghosts who hover about the grave  
Of all that 's manly, free, and brave :  
You 'll find their names on the architrave  
Of that charnel-house, Society.

Black Monday — black as its school-room ink —  
With its dismal boys that snivel and think  
Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,

And its frozen tank to wash in.  
That was the first that brought me grief  
And made me weep, till I sought relief  
In an emblematical handkerchief,  
To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array —  
 Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,  
 Which I would n't revive for a single day  
 For all the wealth of PLUTUS —  
 Are the horrible ghosts that school-days scared :  
 If the classical  
 ghost that  
 BRUTUS dared  
 Was the ghost  
 of his “Caesar”  
 unprepared,  
 I’m sure  
 I pity  
 BRUTUS.



I pass to critical seventeen ;  
 The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,  
 When an elderly colonel stole my queen,  
 And woke my dream of heaven.  
 No school-girl decked in her nurse-room curls  
 Was my gushing innocent queen of pearls ;  
 If she was n’t a girl of a thousand girls,  
 She was one of forty-seven !

I see the ghost of my first cigar —  
 Of the thence-arising family jar —  
 Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar),  
 (I called the judge, “ Your wushup ! ”)  
 Of reckless days and reckless nights,  
 With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished lights,  
 Unholy songs, and tipsy fights,  
 Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,  
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"  
Of novels returned in endless ranks,  
    And thousands more, I suffer.  
The only line to fitly grace  
My humble tomb, when I 've run my race,  
Is, " Reader, this is the resting-place  
    Of an unsuccessful duffer."

I 've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,  
But the weapons I 've used are sighs and brine,  
And now that I 'm nearly forty-nine,  
    Old age is my chiefest bogey ;  
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,  
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown ;  
And a general verdict sets me down  
    As an irreclaimable fogy.

## THE BISHOP & *the* BUSMAN

**I**T was a Bishop bold,  
And London was his see;  
He was short and stout and round about  
And zealous as could be.

It also was a Jew,  
Who drove a Putney  
bus —  
For flesh of swine how-  
ever fine  
He did not care a cuss.



His name was HASH BAZ BEN,  
And JEDEDIAH too,  
And SOLOMON and ZABULON —  
This bus-directing Jew.

The Bishop said, said he,  
“ I ’ll see what I can do  
To Christianize and make you wise,  
You poor benighted Jew.”

So every blessed day  
That bus he rode outside,  
From Fulham town, both up and down,  
And loudly thus he cried : —

" His name is HASH BAZ BEN,  
 And JEDEDIAH too,  
 And SOLOMON and ZABULON —  
 This bus-directing Jew."

At first the busman smiled,  
 And rather liked the fun —  
 He merely smiled, that Hebrew child,  
 And said, " Eccentric one ! "



And gay young  
 dogs would wait  
 To see the bus go by  
 (These gay young  
 dogs in striking togs),  
 To hear the bishop  
 cry : —

" Observe his grisly beard,  
 His race it clearly shows,  
 He sticks no fork in ham or pork —  
 Observe, my friends, his nose.

" His name is HASH BAZ BEN,  
 And JEDEDIAH, too,  
 And SOLOMON and ZABULON —  
 This bus-directing Jew."

But though at first amused,  
 Yet after seven years,  
 This Hebrew child got awful riled,  
 And busted into tears.

## THE BISHOP AND THE BUSMAN 29

He really almost feared  
To leave his poor abode,  
His nose, and name, and beard became  
A byword on that road.

At length he swore an oath,  
The reason he would know —  
“I’ll call and see why ever he  
Does persecute me so.”

The good old bishop sat  
On his ancestral chair,  
The busman came, sent up his name,  
And laid his grievance bare.

“ Benighted Jew,”  
he said  
(And chuckled  
loud with  
joy),  
“ Be Christian  
you,  
instead of  
Jew —  
Become a  
Christian boy.



“ I’ll ne’er annoy you more.”  
“ Indeed ? ” replied the Jew.  
“ Shall I be freed ? ” “ You will, indeed ! ”  
Then “ Done ! ” said he, “ with you ! ”

The organ which, in man,  
Between the eyebrows grows,  
Fell from his face, and in its place,  
He found a Christian nose.

His tangled Hebrew beard,  
Which to his waist came down,  
Was now a pair of whiskers fair—  
His name, ADOLPHUS BROWN.

He wedded in a year  
That prelate's daughter JANE ;  
He's grown quite fair — has auburn hair—  
His wife is far from plain.



## THE TROUBADOUR

**A** TROUBADOUR he played  
 Without a castle wall,  
 Within, a hapless maid  
 Responded to his call.

“Oh, willow, woe is me!  
 Alack and well-a-day !  
 If I were only free  
 I’d hie me far away !”

Unknown her face and  
 name,  
 But this he knew right well,  
 The maiden’s wailing came  
 From out a dungeon cell.

A hapless woman lay  
 Within that dungeon grim —  
 That fact, I’ve heard him say,  
 Was quite enough for him.

“I will not sit or lie,  
 Or eat or drink, I vow,  
 Till thou art free as I,  
 Or I as pent as thou.”

Her tears then ceased to flow,  
 Her wails no longer rang,  
 And tuneful in her woe  
 The prisoned maiden sang :



" Oh, stranger, as you play  
 I recognize your touch ;  
 And all that I can say  
 Is, thank you very much."

He seized his clarion straight,  
 And blew thereat, until  
 A warden oped the gate,  
 " Oh, what might be your will ? "

" I 've come, sir knave, to see  
 The master of these halls :  
 A maid unwillingly  
 Lies prisoned in their walls."

With barely stifled sigh  
 That porter drooped his head,  
 With teardrops in his eye,  
 " A many, sir," he said.

He stayed to hear no more,  
 But pushed that porter by,  
 And shortly stood before  
 SIR HUGH DE PECKHAM RYE.

SIR HUGH he darkly frowned,  
 " What would  
 you, sir, with  
 me ? "  
 The troubadour  
 he downed  
 Upon his  
 bended knee.



“ I ’ve come, DE PECKHAM RYE,  
 To do a Christian task ;  
 You ask me what would I ?  
 It is not much I ask.

“ Release these maidens, sir,  
 Whom you dominion o’er —  
 Particularly her  
 Upon the second floor.

“ And if you  
 don’t, my  
 lord ” —  
 He here stood  
 bolt upright,  
 And tapped  
 a tailor’s  
 sword —  
 “ Come out,  
 you cad,  
 and fight ! ”



SIR HUGH he called — and ran  
 The warden from the gate :  
 “ Go, show this gentleman  
 The maid in forty-eight.”

By many a cell they past,  
 And stopped at length before  
 A portal, bolted fast :  
 The man unlocked the door.

He called inside the gate  
 With coarse and brutal shout,  
 "Come, step it, Forty-eight!"  
 And Forty-eight stepped out.



"They gets it  
 pretty hot,  
 The maidens  
 what we  
 cotch—  
 Two years this  
 lady's got  
 For collaring  
 a wotch."

"Oh, ah! — indeed — I see,"  
 The troubadour exclaimed —  
 "If I may make so free,  
 How is this castle named?"

The warden's eyelids fill,  
 And sighing, he replied,  
 "Of gloomy Pentonville  
 This is the female side!"

The minstrel did not wait  
 The warden stout to thank,  
 But recollected straight  
 He'd business at the Bank.

## FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA

*Or the Gentle Pieman*

### PART I

**A**T a pleasant evening party I had taken  
down to supper  
One whom I will call ELVIRA, and we talked of  
love and TUPPER.

MR. TUPPER and the poets, very lightly with  
them dealing,  
For I 've always been distinguished for a strong  
poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which  
contained a motto,  
And she listened while I read them, till her  
mother told her not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we  
had better, dear, be walking;  
If we stop down here much longer, really people  
will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military  
cousins,  
There were captains by the hundred, there were  
baronets by dozens.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed  
them with a blessing ;  
Then she let down all her back-hair which had  
taken long in dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobs in her agitated  
throttle,  
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her  
pretty smelling bottle.



So I whispered,  
" Dear ELVRIA,  
say, — what  
can the matter  
be with  
you ?  
Does anything  
you 've eaten,  
darling Popsy,  
disagree with  
you ? "

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and  
more distressing,  
And she tore her pretty back-hair, which had  
taken long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling  
then above me,  
And she whispered, " FERDINANDO, do you really,  
*really* love me ? "

## FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA 37

“ Love you ? ” said I, then I sighed, and then  
I gazed upon her sweetly —  
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly  
neatly —

“ Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable  
azure,  
On a scientific goose-chase, with my COXWELL  
or my GLAISHER !

“ Tell me whither I may hie me, tell me, dear  
one, that I may know —  
Is it up the highest Andes ? down a horrible  
volcano ? ”

But she said, “ It is n’t polar bears, or hot  
volcanic grottoes,  
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely  
cracker mottoes ! ”

### PART II

“ Tell me, HENRY WADSWORTH, ALFRED, POET  
CLOSE, or MISTER TUPPER,  
Do you write the bonbon mottoes my ELVIRA  
pulls at supper ? ”

But HENRY WADSWORTH smiled, and said he had  
not had that honor :  
And ALFRED, too, disclaimed the words that  
told so much upon her.

"MISTER MARTIN TUPPER, POET CLOSE, I beg  
of you inform us ;"  
But my question seemed to throw them both  
into a rage enormous.

MISTER CLOSE expressed a wish that he could  
only get anigh to me,  
And MISTER MARTIN TUPPER sent the following  
reply to me : —

"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men  
dread a bandit,"  
Which I know was very clever ; but I did n't  
understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered — Patagonia,  
China, Norway,  
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastrycook his  
doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffo-  
dils and myrtle,  
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock  
turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was  
smooth and he was rosy,  
And his little wife was pretty, and particularly  
cozy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about,  
and laughed with laughter hearty —  
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a  
party.

And I said, “ Oh,  
gentle pieman,  
why so very,  
very merry ? ”

Is it purity of conscience,  
or your one-and-seven  
sherry ? ”



But he answered, “ I ’m so happy — no pro-  
fession could be dearer —  
If I am not humming ‘ Tra ! la ! la ! ’ I ’m  
singing ‘ Tirer, liter ! ’

“ First I go and make the patties, and the pud-  
dings and the jellies,  
Then I make a sugar birdcage, which upon a  
table swell is ;

“ Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-  
table lacquers ;  
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find  
inside the crackers ” —

“ Found at last ! ” I madly shouted. “ Gentle  
pieman, you astound me ! ”  
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically  
round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he 'd quite a  
crowd around him —

And I rushed away exclaiming, " I have found  
him ! I have found him ! "

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road be-  
hind me trilling,

" ' Tira ! lira ! ' stop him, stop him ! ' Tra !  
la ! la ! ' the soup 's a shilling ! "

But until I reached **ELVIRA**'s home, I never,  
never waited,

And **ELVIRA** to her **FERDINAND** 's irrevocably  
mated !



## LORENZO DE LARDY

**D**ALILAH DE DARDY adored  
An officer, late of the Guards,  
LORENZO DE LARDY, a lord —

A personal friend of the Bard's.

DALILAH DE DARDY was fat,  
DALILAH DE DARDY was old,  
(No doubt in the world about that)  
But DALILAH DE DARDY had gold.

LORENZO DE LARDY was tall,  
The flower of maidenly pets,  
Young ladies would love at his call,  
But LORENZO DE LARDY had debts.

His money-position was queer,  
And one of his favorite freaks  
Was to hide himself three times a year  
In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days did n't pass him before  
He fanned himself into a flame,  
For a beautiful "DAM DU COMPTWORE,"  
And this was her singular name :

**ALICE EULALIE CORALINE**

**EUPHROSINE COLOMBINA THERESE**

**JULIETTE STEPHANIE CELESTINE**

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE**

She booked all the orders and tin,

Accoutred in showy fal-lal,

At a two-fifty

Restaurant, in

The glittering

Palais Royal.



He 'd gaze in  
her orbit  
of blue,  
Her hand  
he would  
tenderly  
squeeze,

But the words of her tongue that he knew  
Were limited strictly to these :

“ **CORALINE CELESTINE EULALIE,**  
Houp là ! Je vous aime, oui, mossoo,  
Combien donnez moi aujourd’hui  
Bonjour, Mademoiselle, parlez voo.”

**MADEMOISELLE DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE**

Was a witty and beautiful miss,

Extremely correct in her ways,

But her English consisted of this : —

“ Oh my ! pretty man, if you please,  
 Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,  
 Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,  
 Rosbif, me spik Angleesh godam.”

He 'd gaze in her eyes all the day,  
 Admiring their sparkle and dance,  
 And list while she rattled away  
 In the musical accents of France.

A waiter, for seasons before,  
 Had basked in her beautiful gaze,  
 And burnt to dismember MILOR,  
*He loved DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE.*

He said to her, “ Méchante THERESE,  
 Avec désespoir tu m'accables,  
 Pense tu, DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE,  
 Ses intentions sont honorables.

“ Flirtez toujours, ma belle, si tu oses —  
 Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,  
 Je le dirai de quoi on compose  
 Vol au vent à la Financière ! ”

LORD LARDY knew nothing of this —  
 The waiter's devotion ignored,  
 But he gazed on the beautiful miss,  
 And never seemed weary or bored.

The waiter would screw up his nerve,  
His fingers he 'd snap and he 'd dance —

And LORD LARDY  
would smile  
and observe,  
" How strange  
are the customs  
of France ! "



Well, after delaying  
a space,  
His tradesmen no  
longer would wait:

Returning to England apace,  
He yielded himself to his fate.

LORD LARDY espoused, with a groan,  
Miss DARDY's developing charms,  
And agreed to tag on to his own,  
Her name and her newly-found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes  
Of an ugly and thin *coryphée*,  
Who danced in the hindermost rows  
At the Théâtre des Variétés.



MADEMOISELLE DE LA SAUCE MAYON-  
NAISE

Did n't yield to a gnawing despair,  
But married a soldier, and plays  
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.



## DISILLUSIONED

*By an Ex-Enthusiast*

O H, that my soul its gods could see  
 As years ago they seemed to me  
 When first I painted them ;  
 Invested with the circumstance  
 Of old conventional romance :  
 Exploded theorem !

The bard who could, all men above,  
 Inflame my soul with songs of love,  
 And, with his verse, inspire  
 The craven soul who feared to die,  
 With all the glow of chivalry  
 And old heroic fire ;

I found him in a beerhouse tap  
 Awaking from a gin-born nap,  
 With pipe and sloven dress ;

Amusing chums, who fooled his bent,  
 With muddy, maudlin sentiment,  
 And tipsy foolishness !

The novelist, whose painting pen  
 To legions of fictitious men  
 A real existence lends,  
 Brain-people whom we rarely fail,  
 Whene'er we hear their names, to hail  
 As old and welcome friends,

I found in clumsy, snuffy suit,  
 In seedy glove, and blucher boot,  
 Uncomfortably big.  
 Particularly commonplace,  
 With vulgar, coarse, stock-broking face,  
 And spectacles and wig.



My favorite actor  
 who, at will,  
 With mimic woe my  
 eyes could fill  
 With unaccustomed  
 brine :  
 A being who appeared  
 to me  
 (Before I knew him  
 well) to be  
 A song incarnadine ;

I found a coarse unpleasant man  
 With speckled chin — unhealthy, wan —

Of self-importance full :  
Existing in an atmosphere  
That reeked of gin and pipes and beer —  
Conceited, fractious, dull.

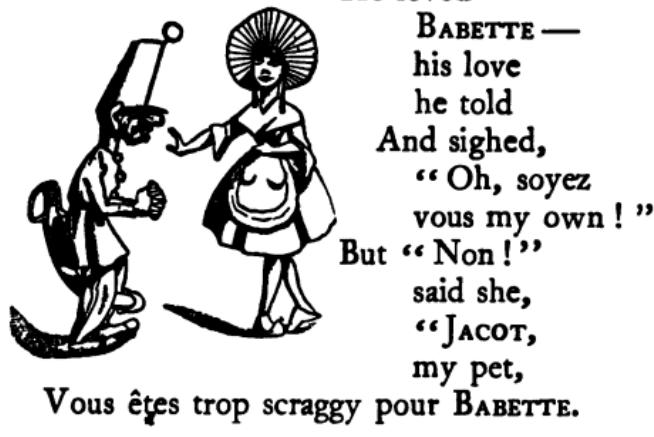
The warrior whose ennobled name  
Is woven with his country's fame,  
Triumphant over all,  
I found weak, palsied, bloated, blear ;  
His province seemed to be, to leer  
At bonnets in Pall Mall.

Would that ye always shone, who write,  
Bathed in your own innate lime-light,  
And ye who battles wage,  
Or that in darkness I had died  
Before my soul had ever sighed  
To see you off the stage !

## BABETTE'S LOVE

**B**ABETTE she was a fisher gal,  
 With jupon striped and cap in crimps,  
 She passed her days inside the Halle,  
 Or collaring of little shrimps.  
 Yet she was sweet as flowers in May,  
 With no professional bouquet.

JACOT was, of the Customs bold,  
 An officer, at gay Boulogne,  
 He loved



"Of one alone I nightly dream,  
 An able mariner is he,  
 And gaily serves the Gen'ral Steam-  
 Boat Navigation Companee,  
 I'll marry him, if he but will —  
 His name, I rather think, is BILL.

“ I see him when he 's not aware,  
 Upon our hospitable coast,  
 Reclining with an easy air,  
 Upon the *port* against a post,  
 A-thinking      His native  
 of, I 'll      Chelsea  
 dare      far  
 to say,      away ! ”

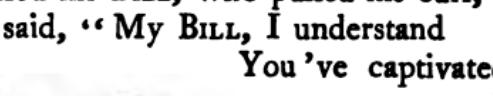


“ Oh, mon ! ” exclaimed the ~~Customs~~.  
 Customs bold,  
 “ Mes yeux ! ” he said, which means, “ my  
 eye.”  
 “ Oh, chère ! ” he also cried, I 'm told,  
 “ Par Jove,” he added, with a sigh.  
 “ Oh, mon ! oh, chère ! mes yeux ! par Jove !  
 Je n'aime pas cet enticing cove ! ”

The *Panther's* Captain stood hard by,  
 He was a man of morals strict,  
 If e'er a sailor winked his eye,  
 Straightway he had that sailor licked,  
 Mast-headed all (such was his code)  
 Who dashed or jiggered, blessed or blowed.

He wept to think a tar of his  
 Should lean so gracefully on posts,  
 He sighed and sobbed to think of this,  
 On foreign, French, and friendly coasts.  
 “ It 's human natur', p'raps — if so,  
 Oh, is n't human natur' low ! ”

He called his BILL, who pulled his curl,  
He said, " My BILL, I understand  
You 've captivated some  
young gurl  
On this here French  
and foreign land.  
Her tender heart your  
beauties jog —  
They do, you know they  
do, you dog.





“ You have a graceful way, I learn,  
Of leaning airily on posts,  
By which you 've been and caused to burn  
A tender flame on these here coasts.  
A fisher gurl, I much regret, —  
Her age, sixteen — her name BABETTE.

“ You ’ll marry her, you gentle tar —  
Your union I myself will bless ;  
And when you matrimonied are,  
I will appoint her stewardess.”  
But WILLIAM hitched himself and sighed  
And cleared his throat, and thus  
replied : —

“ Not so : unless you’re fond  
of strife,  
You’d better mind your own  
affairs ;  
I have an able-bodied wife  
Awaiting me at Wapping Stairs ;



If all this here to her I tell,  
She 'll larrup me, and you as well.

“ Skin-deep, and valued at a pin,  
Is beauty such as VENUS owns —  
*Her* beauty is beneath her skin,  
And lies in layers on her bones.  
The other sailors of the crew,  
They always calls her ‘ Wapping Sue ! ’ ”

“ Oho ! ” the Captain said, “ I see !  
And is she then so very strong ? ”  
“ She 'd take your honor's scruff,” said he,  
“ And pitch you over to Bolong ! ”  
“ I pardon you,” the Captain said,  
“ The fair BABETTE you need n't wed.”

Perhaps the Customs had his will,  
And coaxed the scornful girl to wed :  
Perhaps the Captain and his BILL,  
And WILLIAM's little wife are dead ;  
Or p'r'aps they 're all alive and well :  
I cannot, cannot, cannot tell.

## TO MY BRIDE

(Whoever she may be)



O H ! little maid ! — (I do not know your name  
 Or who you are, so, as a safe pre-caution  
 I 'll add) — Oh, buxom widow ! married dame !  
 (As one of these must be your present portion)

Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,  
 And sing the fate that Fortune has in store for you.

You 'll marry soon — within a year or twain  
 A bachelor of *circa* two and thirty,  
 Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,  
 And, when you 're intimate, you 'll call him  
 "BERTIE."  
 Neat — dresses well ; his temper has been  
 classified  
 As hasty ; but he 's very quickly pacified.

You 'll find him working mildly at the Bar,  
 After a touch at two or three professions,  
 From easy affluence extremely far ;  
 A brief or two on Circuit — "soup" at  
 Sessions ;  
 A pound or two from whist, and backing horses,  
 And, say three hundred from his own resources.

Quiet in harness; free from serious vice,  
 His faults are not particularly shady,  
 You'll never find him "*sby*" — for, once or  
 twice

Already, he's been driven by a lady,  
 Who parts with him — perhaps a poor excuse  
 for him —  
 Because she has n't any further use for him.

Oh ! bride of mine — tall, dumpy, dark or fair !  
 Oh ! widow — wife, maybe, or blushing  
 maiden,  
 I've told *your* fortune ; solved the gravest care  
 With which your mind has hitherto been  
 laden,  
 I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it ;  
 Now tell me mine — and please be quick about it !

You — only you — can tell me, an' you will,  
 To whom I'm destined shortly to be mated.  
 Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill ?  
 If so, I want to hear her income stated.  
 (This is a point which interests me greatly),  
 To quote the bard, "Oh ! have I seen her  
 lately ? "

Say, must I wait till husband number one  
 Is comfortably stowed away at Woking ?  
 How is her hair most usually done ?  
 And tell me, please, will she object to smoking ?  
 The color of her eyes, too, you may mention :  
 Come, Sybil, prophesy — I'm all attention.



## THE FOLLY OF BROWN

*By a General Agent*

**I** KNEW a boor — a clownish card,  
 (His only friends were pigs and cows and  
 The poultry of a small farmyard)  
 Who came into two hundred thousand.

Good fortune worked no change in BROWN,  
 Though she 's a mighty social chymist :  
 He was a clown — and by a clown  
 I do not mean a pantomimist.

It left him quiet, calm, and cool,  
 Though hardly knowing what a crown was  
 You can't imagine what a fool  
 Poor rich, uneducated BROWN was !

He scouted all who wished to come  
 And give him monetary schooling ;  
 And I propose to give you some  
 Idea of his insensate fooling.

## THE FOLLY OF BROWN 55

I formed a company or two —

(Of course I don't  
know what the  
rest meant,

I formed      To help  
them            him to  
solely            a sound  
with a            invest-  
view            ment).



Their objects were — their only cares —

To justify their Boards in showing  
A handsome dividend on shares,  
And keep their good promoter going.

But no — the lout prefers his brass,  
Though shares at par I freely proffer :  
Yes — will it be believed ? — the ass  
Declines, with thanks, my well-meant offer !

He added, with  
a bumpkin's  
grin,  
(A weakly  
intellect  
denoting)  
He'd rather  
not invest  
it in  
A company of my promoting !



" You have two hundred 'thou' or more,"  
 Said I. " You 'll waste it, lose it, lend it :  
 Come, take I 'll gladly  
 my show you  
 furnished how to  
 second spend  
 floor, it."



But will it be believed  
 that he,  
 With grin upon his face  
 of poppy,  
 Declined my aid, while thanking me  
 For what he called my "philanthropy"?

Some blind, suspicious fools rejoice  
 In doubting friends who would n't harm  
 them ;  
 They will not hear the charmer's voice,  
 However wisely he may charm them.

I showed him that his coat, all dust,  
 Top boots and cords provoked compassion,  
 And proved that men of station must  
 Conform to the decrees of fashion.

I showed him where to buy his hat,  
 To coat him, trouser him, and boot him ;  
 But no — he would n't hear of that —  
 " He did n't think the style would suit  
 him!"

I offered him a county seat,  
And made no  
end of an  
oration ;

I made it  
certainly  
complete,  
And intro-  
duced the  
deputation.



But no — the clown my prospects blights —  
(The worth of birth it surely teaches !)  
“ Why should I want to spend my nights  
In Parliament, a-making speeches ?

“ I have n’t never been to school —  
I ain’t had not no eddication —  
And I should surely be a fool  
To publish that to all the nation ! ”

I offered him a trotting horse —  
No hack had ever trotted faster —  
I also offered him, of course,  
A rare and curious “ old Master.”

I offered to procure him weeds —  
Wines fit for one in his position —  
But, though an ass in all his deeds,  
He’d learnt the meaning of “ commis-  
sion.”

He called me "thief" the other day,  
And daily from his door he thrusts me;

Much more Begin to  
of this, think that  
and BROWN  
soon mistrusts  
I may me.



So deaf to all sound Reason's  
rule

This poor uneducated clown is,  
You cannot fancy what a fool  
Poor rich uneducated BROWN is.

## SIR MACKLIN

Of all the youths I ever saw  
None were so wicked, vain, or silly,  
So lost to shame and Sunday law  
As worldly Tom, and Bob, and BILLY.

For every Sabbath day they walked (Such was their gay and thoughtless natur)



—In parks or gardens, where they talked  
From three to six, or even later.

SIR MACKLIN was a priest severe  
In conduct and in conversation,  
It did a sinner good to hear  
Him deal in ratiocination.

He could in every action show  
Some sin, and nobody could doubt him.  
He argued high, he argued low,  
He also argued round about him.

He wept to think each thoughtless youth  
Contained of wickedness a skinful,  
And burnt to teach the awful truth,  
That walking out on Sunday 's sinful.

"Oh, youths," said he, "I grieve to find  
 The course of life you 've been and hit on —  
  
 Sit down," said  
 he, "and  
 never mind  
 The pennies for  
 the chairs  
 you sit on.

"My opening head is 'Kensington,'  
 How walking there the sinner hardens,  
 Which when I have enlarged upon,  
 I go to 'Secondly' — its 'Gardens.'

"My 'Thirdly' comprehendeth 'Hyde,'  
 Of Secrecy the guilt, and shameses :  
 My 'Fourthly' — 'Park' — its verdure wide —  
 My 'Fifthly' comprehends 'St. James's.'

"That matter settled I shall reach  
 The 'Sixthly' in my solemn tether,  
 And show that what is true of each,  
 Is also true of all, together.

"Then I shall demonstrate to you,  
 According to the rules of Whately,  
 That what is true of all, is true  
 Of each, considered separately."

In lavish stream his accents flow,  
 TOM, BOB, and BILLY dare not flout him ;  
 He argued high, he argued low,  
 He also argued round about him.

“ Ha, ha ! ” he said, “ you loathe your ways,  
 You writhe at these, my words of warning,  
 In agony your hands  
 you raise.”

(And so they did,  
 for they were  
 yawning.)

To “ Twenty-firstly ”  
 on they go,  
 The lads do not  
 attempt to scout  
 him ;

He argued high, he argued low,  
 He also argued round about him.



“ Ho, ho ! ” he cries, “ you bow your crests —  
 My eloquence has set you weeping ;  
 In shame you bend  
 upon your

breasts ! ”  
 (And so they did,  
 for they were  
 sleeping.)



He proved them  
 this — he proved  
 them that —  
 This good but wear-  
 some ascetic ;

He jumped and thumped upon his hat,  
 He was so very energetic.

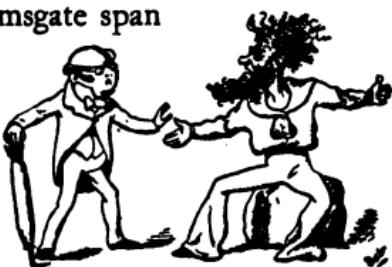
His Bishop at this moment chanced  
To pass, and found the road encumbered ;  
He noticed how the Churchman danced,  
And how his congregation slumbered.

The hundred and eleventh head  
The priest completed of his stricture ;  
"Oh, bosh ! " the worthy Bishop said,  
And walked him off, as in the picture.



## THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'T WAS on the shores that round our  
coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span  
That I found  
alone, on  
a piece  
of stone,  
An elderly  
naval man.



His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he,  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key :

" Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid ;  
For I could n't help thinking the man had been  
drinking,  
And so I simply said :

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn :

"'T was in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
That we sailed to the Indian sea,  
And there on a reef we come to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy*'s men  
Said 'Here !' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain  
bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

## YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL" 65

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor  
drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So, we drawed a lot, and, accordin' shot,  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,  
And a delicate dish he made ;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig ;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, 'Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle ?' arose,  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me ;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be  
stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I 'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you 'll be,' —  
'I 'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear JAMES, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,



For don't you  
see that  
you can't  
cook *me*,  
While I  
can — and  
will — cook  
*you*!"

"So, he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped  
shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell,  
'T will soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you 'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,  
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his  
squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And — as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,  
For a vessel in sight I see.

•      •      •      •      •

## YARN OF THE “NANCY BELL” 67

“ And I never larf, and I never smile,  
And I never lark nor play,  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have — which is to say :

“ Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain’s gig ! ”

## THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO

FROM east and south the holy clan  
Of bishops gathered, to a man;  
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican;  
In flocking crowds they came.

Among them was a Bishop, who  
Had lately been appointed to  
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,  
And Peter was his name.

His people — twenty-three in sum —  
They played the eloquent tum-tum  
And lived on scalps served up in rum —  
The only sauce they knew.

When first good BISHOP PETER came  
(For PETER was that Bishop's name),  
To humor them, he did the same  
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

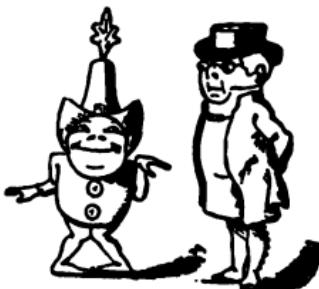
His flock, I 've often heard him tell,  
(His name was PETER) loved him well,  
And summoned by the sound of bell,  
In crowds together came.

"Oh, massa, why you go away ?  
Oh, MASSA PETER, please to stay."  
(They called him PETER, people say,  
Because it was his name.)

## THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO 69

He told them all good boys to be,  
And sailed away across the sea.  
At London Bridge that Bishop he  
Arrived one Tuesday night—  
And as that night he homeward strode  
To his Pan-Anglican abode,  
He passed along the Borough Road  
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round  
A person dancing on the ground,  
Who straight began to  
leap and bound  
With all his might  
and main.  
To see that dancing  
man he  
stopped,  
Who twirled and  
wriggled, skipped  
and hopped,  
Then down incontinently dropped,  
And then sprang up again.



The Bishop chuckled at the sight,  
"This style of dancing would delight  
A simple Rum-ti-Foozle-ite.  
I'll learn it, if I can,  
To please the tribe when I get back."  
He begged the man to teach his knack.  
"Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack,"  
Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away  
 And taught the Bishop every day —  
 The dancer skipped like any fay —  
 Good PETER did the same.  
 The Bishop buckled to his task  
 With *battements*, cuts, and *pas de basque*  
 (I'll tell you, if you care to ask,  
 That PETER was his name).

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said,  
 "Stick out your toes — stick in your head,  
 Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread —  
 Your fingers thus extend;



The attitude 's considered quaint."  
 The weary Bishop, feeling faint,  
 Replied, "I do not say it ain't,  
 But 'Time !' my Christian friend !"

"We now proceed to something new —  
 Dance as the PAYNES and LAURIS do,  
 Like this — one, two — one, two — one, two  
 The Bishop, never proud,

## THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO 71

But in an overwhelming heat  
(His name was PETER, I repeat)  
Performed the

PAYNE and  
LAURIfeat,  
And puffed  
his thanks  
aloud.



Another game the  
dancer planned —

“ Just take your ankle in your hand,  
And try, my lord, if you can stand —  
Your body stiff and stark.  
If, when revisiting your see,  
You learnt to hop on shore — like me —  
The novelty must striking be,  
And must excite remark.”

“ No,” said the worthy Bishop, “ no ;  
That is a length to which, I trow,  
Colonial Bishops cannot go.

You may express surprise  
At finding Bishops deal in pride —

But, if that  
trick I  
ever tried,  
I should  
appear  
undignified  
In Rum-ti-Foozle’s  
eyes.



" The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo  
Are well-conducted persons, who  
Approve a joke as much as you,  
    And laugh at it as such ;  
But if they saw their Bishop land,  
His leg supported in his hand,  
The joke they would n't understand —  
'T would pain them very much ! "

## THE PRECOCIOUS BABY

*A Very True Tale*

(To be sung to the Air of the "Whistling Oyster.")

**A** N elderly person — a prophet by trade —  
 With his quips and tips  
 On withered old lips,  
 He married a young and a beautiful maid :  
 The cunning old blade  
 Though rather decayed,  
 He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,  
 With her tempting smiles  
 And maidenly wiles,  
 And he was a trifle of seventy-three :  
 Now what she could see  
 Is a puzzle to me,  
 In a buffer of seventy — seventy-three !

Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bad)  
 With their loud high jinks  
 And underbred winks  
 None thought they 'd a family have — but they  
 had ;  
 A dear little lad  
 Who drove 'em half mad,  
 For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

For when he was born he astonished all by,  
 With their " Law, dear me ! "  
 " Did ever you see ? "  
 He 'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his  
 eye,  
 A hat all awry —  
 An octagon tie,  
 And a miniature — miniature glass in his eye.

He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,  
 With his " Oh, dear, oh ! "  
 And his " Hang it ! you know ! "  
 And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap —  
 " My friends, it 's a tap  
 That is not worth a rap."  
 (Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)

He 'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he 'd  
 say,

With his " Fal,  
 lal, lal " —  
 " You doosed  
 fine gal ! "



This shocking  
 precocity drove  
 'em away :  
 " A month  
 from to-day  
 Is as long as  
 I 'll stay —

Then I 'd wish, if you please, for to hook it  
 away."

His father, a simple old gentleman, he  
 With nursery rhyme  
 And "Once on a time,"  
 Would tell him the story of "Little Bo P,"  
 "So pretty was she,  
 So pretty and wee,  
 As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."

But the babe, with a dig that would startle an ox,  
 With his "C'ck !  
 Oh, my ! —  
 Go along wiz  
 'oo, fie !'"  
 Would exclaim, "I'm  
 affaid 'oo a  
 socking ole  
 fox."  
 Now a father  
 it shocks,  
 And it whitens  
 his locks  
 When his little babe calls him a shocking old  
 fox.



The name of his father he 'd couple and pair  
 (With his ill-bred laugh  
 And insolent chaff)  
 With those of the nursery heroines rare,  
 Virginia the fair,  
 Or Good Goldenhair,  
 Till the nuisance was more than a prophet could  
 bear.

"There's Jill and White Cat" (said the little bold brat,  
 With his loud "Ha, ha !")  
 "Oo sly ickle pa !  
 Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack Sprat !  
 I've noticed 'oo pat  
 My pretty White Cat —  
 I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat ! "

He early determined to marry and wife,  
  
 For better or worse,  
 With his elderly nurse —  
 Which the poor little  
 boy did n't live  
 to contrive ;  
 His health did n't  
 thrive —  
 No longer alive,  
 He died an enfeebled old dotard at five !

## MORAL.

Now elderly men of the bachelor crew,  
 With wrinkled hose  
 And spectacled nose,  
 Don't marry at all — you may take it as true  
 If ever you do  
 The step you will rue,  
 For your babes will be elderly — elderly too.



## TO PHŒBE

“ **G**ENTLE, modest little flower,  
Sweet epitome of May,

Love me but for half-an-hour,

Love me, love me, little fay.”

Sentences so fiercely flaming

In your tiny shell-like ear,  
I should always be exclaiming

If I loved you, PHŒBE dear !

“ Smiles that thrill from any distance  
Shed upon me while I sing !

Please ecstaticize existence,

Love me, oh, thou fairy thing !

Words like these, outpouring sadly,

You ’d perpetually hear,

If I loved you, fondly, madly ; —

But I do not, PHŒBE dear !



### BAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN

**O**F all the good attorneys who  
Have placed their names upon the roll,  
But few could equal BAINES CAREW  
For tenderheartedness and soul.

Whene'er he heard a tale of woe  
From client A or client B,  
His grief would overcome him so  
He 'd scarce have strength to take his fee.

It laid him up for many days,  
When duty led him to distain,  
And serving writs, although it pays,  
Gave him excruciating pain.

He made out costs, distrained for rent,  
Foreclosed and sued, with moistened eye —  
No bill of costs could represent  
The value of such sympathy.

No charges can approximate  
The worth of sympathy with woe ; —  
Although I think I ought to state  
He did his best to make them so.

Of all the many clients who  
Had mustered round his legal flag,  
No single client of the crew  
Was half so dear as CAPTAIN BAGG.

Now CAPTAIN BAGG had bowed him to  
A heavy matrimonial yoke —  
His wifey had of faults a few —  
She never could resist a joke.

Her chaff at first he meekly bore,  
Till unendurable it grew.  
“ To stop this persecution sore  
I will consult my friend CAREW.

“ And when CAREW’s advice I ’ve got,  
Divorce *a mensâ* I shall try ”  
(A legal separation — not  
*A vinculo conjugii*).

“ Oh, BAINES CAREW,  
my woe I ’ve kept  
A secret, hitherto,  
you know ; ” —  
(And BAINES CAREW,  
ESQUIRE, he wept  
To hear that BAGG  
had any woe.)



"My case, indeed, is passing sad,  
 My wife — whom I considered true —  
 With brutal conduct drives me mad."  
 "I am appalled," said BAINES CAREW.

"What ! sound the matrimonial knell  
 Of worthy people such as these !  
 Why was I an attorney ? Well —  
 Go on to the *sævitia*, please."

"Domestic bliss has proved my bane,  
 A harder case you never heard,  
 My wife (in other matters sane)  
 Pretends that I 'm a Dicky bird !

"She makes me sing, 'Too whit, too wee !'  
 And stand upon a rounded stick,  
 And always introduces me  
 To every one as 'Pretty Dick' !"

"Oh, dear,"  
 said weeping  
 BAINES  
 CAREW,  
 "This is the  
 direst case  
 I know" —  
 "I 'm grieved,"  
 said BAGG,  
 "at paining  
 you —  
 To COBB and POLTERTHWAITE I 'll go —



“ To COBB’s cold calculating ear  
My gruesome sorrows I ’ll impart” —

“ No ; stop,” said BAINES, “ I ’ll dry my tear,  
And steel my sympathetic heart ! ”

“ She makes me perch upon a tree,  
Rewarding me with, ‘ Sweety — nice ! ’  
And threatens to exhibit me  
With four or five performing mice.”

“ Restrain my tears I wish I could.”  
(Said BAINES,) “ I don’t know what to do ” —  
Said CAPTAIN BAGG, “ You ’re very good.”  
“ Oh, not at all,” said BAINES CAREW.

“ She makes me fire a gun,” said BAGG ;  
“ And at a preconcerted word,  
Climb up a ladder with a flag,  
Like any street-performing bird.

“ She places sugar in my way —  
In public places calls me ‘ Sweet ! ’  
She gives me groundsel every day,  
And hard canary seed to eat.”

“ Oh, woe ! oh, sad ! oh,  
dire to tell ! ”

(Said BAINES,)

“ Be good enough  
to stop.”

And senseless on the floor he fell,  
With unpremeditated flop.

Said CAPTAIN BAGG, " Well, really I  
Am grieved to think it pains you so.  
I thank you for your sympathy ;  
But, hang it — come — I say, you know ! "

But BAINES lay flat upon the floor,  
Convulsed with sympathetic sob —  
The Captain toddled off next door,  
And gave the case to MR. COBB.

## THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE

**I**N all the towns and cities fair  
On Merry England's broad expanse,  
No swordsman ever could compare  
With THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE.

The dauntless lad  
could fairly  
hew  
A silken handkerchief  
in twain,  
Divide a leg  
of mutton  
too —  
And this without  
unwholesome  
strain.



On whole half-sheep, with cunning trick,  
His sabre sometimes he 'd employ —  
No bar of lead, however thick,  
Had terrors for the stalwart boy.

At Dover daily he 'd prepare  
To hew and slash, behind, before —  
Which aggravated MONSIEUR PIERRE,  
Who watched him from the Calais shore.

It caused good PIERRE to swear and dance,  
The sight annoyed  
and vexed him so ;



He was the      He said so,  
bravest      and he  
man in      ought to  
France —      know.

“ Regardez,  
donc, ce cochon  
gros —  
Ce polisson ! Oh,  
sacré bleu !

Son sabre, son plomb, et ses gigots !  
Comme cela m'ennuye, enfin, mon Dieu !

“ Il sait que les foulards de soie  
Give no retaliating whack —  
Les gigots morts n'ont pas de quoi —  
Le plomb don't ever hit you back.”

But every day the headstrong lad  
Cut lead and mutton more and more ;  
And every day, poor PIERRE, half mad,  
Shrieked loud defiance from his shore.

HANCE had a mother, poor and old,  
A simple, harmless, village dame,  
Who crowed and clapped as people told  
Of WINTERBOTTOM's rising fame.

She said, " I 'll be upon the spot  
 To see my *Tommy*'s sabre-play ; "  
 And so she left her leafy cot,  
 And walked to Dover in a day.

PIERRE had a doting mother, who  
 Had heard of his defiant rage :  
*His ma* was nearly ninety-two,  
 And rather dressy for her age.

At HANCE's doings every morn,  
 With sheer delight *bis* mother cried ;  
 And MONSIEUR PIERRE's contemptuous scorn  
 Filled *bis* mamma with proper pride.

But HANCE's powers began to fail —  
 His constitution was not strong —  
 And PIERRE, who once was stout and hale,  
 Grew thin from shouting all day long.

Their mothers saw them pale and wan,  
 Maternal anguish  
 tore each breast,  
 And so they met to  
 find a plan  
 To set their offsprings'  
 minds at rest.



Said MRS. HANCE, " Of course I shrinks  
 From bloodshed, ma'am, as you 're aware,  
 But still they 'd better meet, I thinks."  
 " Assurément ! " said MADAME PIERRE.

A sunny spot in sunny France  
 Was hit upon for this affair ;  
 The ground was picked by MRS. HANCE,  
 The stakes were pitched by MADAME PIERRE.

Said MRS. H., " Your work you see —  
 Go in, my noble boy, and win."  
 " En garde, mon fils!" said MADAME P.  
 " Allons!" " Go on!" " En garde!"  
 " Begin!"



(The mothers were  
 of decent size,  
 Though not  
 particularly tall ;  
 But in the  
 sketch that meets  
 your eyes  
 I 've been obliged  
 to draw them  
 small.)

Loud sneered the doughty man of France,  
 " Ho ! ho ! Ho ! ho ! Ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha !"  
 " The French for ' Pish ! ' " said THOMAS HANCE.  
 Said PIERRE, " L'Anglais, Monsieur, pour  
 ' Bah. ' "

Said MRS. H., " Come, one ! two ! three ! —  
 We 're sittin' here to see all fair ; "  
 " C'est Magnifique ! " said MADAME P.,  
 " Mais, parbleu ! ce n'est pas la guerre ! "

“ Je scorn un foe si lache que vous ! ”

Said PIERRE, the doughty son of France.

“ I fight not coward foe, like you ! ”

Said our undaunted TOMMY HANCE.

“ The French for ‘ Pooh ! ’ ” our TOMMY cried.

“ L’Anglais pour ‘ Va,’ ” the Frenchman  
crowed.

And so with undiminished pride

Each went on his respective road.

## THE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS

**T**HE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS,  
He shouts, and yells, and howls,  
He screams, he mouths, he bumps,  
He foams, he rants, he thumps.

His armor he has buckled on to wage  
The regulation war against the Stage ;  
And warns his congregation all to shun  
"The Presence Chamber of the Evil One."

The subject 's sad enough  
To make him rant and puff,  
And fortunately, too,  
His Bishop 's in a pew.

SO REVEREND MICAH claps on extra steam,  
His eyes are flashing with superior gleam,  
He is as energetic as can be,

For there are  
fatter livings in  
that see.



The Bishop, when it 's o'er,  
Goes through the vestry door  
Where MICAH, very red,  
Is mopping of his head.

## THE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS 89

“Pardon, my Lord, your Sowls’ excessive zeal,  
It is a theme on which I strongly feel.”

(The sermon somebody had sent him down  
From London, at a charge of half-a-crown.)

The Bishop bowed his head  
And acquiescing, said,  
“I’ve heard your well-meant rage  
Against the Modern Stage.

“A modern Theatre, as I heard you say,  
Sows seeds of evil broadcast: well, it may —  
But let me ask you, my respected son,  
Pray, have you ever  
ventured into one?”

“My Lord,” said  
MICAH, “No!  
I never, never go!  
What! Go and  
see a play?  
My goodness gracious, nay!”



The worthy Bishop said, “My friend, no doubt  
The stage may be the place you make it out;  
But if, my REVEREND SOWLS, you never go,  
I don’t quite understand how you’re to know.”

“Well, really,” MICAH said,  
“I’ve often heard and read,  
But never go — do you?”  
The Bishop said, “I do.”

"That proves me wrong," said MICAH, in a  
trice;  
"I thought it all frivolity and vice."  
The Bishop handed him a counter plain;  
"Just take this stall and go to Drury Lane."

The Bishop took his leave,  
Rejoicing in his sleeve.  
The next ensuing day  
SOWLS went and heard a play.

He saw a dreary person on the stage,

Who	Who
mouthed	growled
and	and
mugged	spluttered
in simulated	in a mode
rage —	absurd,



And spoke an  
English SOWLS  
had never  
heard.

For "gaunt" wast spoken "garnt,"  
And "haunt" transformed to "harnt,"  
And "wrath" pronounced as "rath,"  
And "death" was changed to "dath."

For hours and hours that dismal actor walked  
And talked, and talked, and talked, and talked,  
Till lethargy upon the parson crept,  
And sleepy MICAH SOWLS serenely slept.

He slept away until  
The farce that closed the bill  
Had warned him not  
    to stay,  
And then he went  
    away.

“ I thought,” said he, “ *I*  
    was a dreary thing,  
I thought *my* voice quite destitute of ring,  
I thought *my* ranting could distract the brain,  
But oh ! I had n’t been to Drury Lane.



“ Forgive me, Drury Lane,  
Thou penitential fane,  
Where sinners should be cast  
To mourn their wicked past ! ”

## A DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER

**A** GENTLEMAN of City fame  
Now claims your kind attention ;  
East India broking was his game,  
His name I shall not mention :  
No one of finely pointed sense  
Would violate a confidence,  
And shall *I* go  
And do it ? No !  
His name I shall not mention.

He had a trusty wife and true,  
And very cozy quarters,  
A manager, a boy or two,  
Six clerks, and seven porters.  
A broker must be doing well  
(As any lunatic can tell)  
Who can employ  
An active boy,  
Six clerks and seven porters.

His knocker advertised no dun,  
No losses made him sulky,  
He had one sorrow — only one —  
He was extremely bulky.

## DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER 93

A man must be, I beg to state,  
Exceptionally fortunate  
Who owns his chief  
And only grief  
Is — being very bulky.

“ This load,” he ’d say, “ I cannot bear,  
I ’m nineteen stone or twenty !  
Henceforward I ’ll go in for air  
And exercise in plenty.”

Most people think that, should it come,  
They can reduce a bulging tum  
To measures fair  
By taking air  
And exercise in plenty.

In every weather, every day,  
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,  
He took to

dancing all  
the way  
From Brompton  
to the  
City.

You do not  
often get the  
chance  
Of seeing sugar-  
brokers dance,  
From their abode  
In Fulham Road  
Through Brompton to the City.



He braved the gay and guileless laugh  
 Of children with their nusses,  
 The loud uneducated chaff  
 Of clerks on omnibuses.

Against all minor things that rack  
 A nicely balanced mind, I 'll back  
 The noisy laugh  
 And ill-bred laugh  
 Of clerks on omnibuses.

His friends, who heard his money chink,  
 And saw the house he rented,  
 And knew his

wife, could  
 never think  
 What made  
 him  
 discontented.  
 It never entered  
 their pure  
 minds



That fads are of eccentric kinds,  
 Nor would they own  
 That fat alone  
 Could make one discontented.

" Your riches know no kind of pause,  
 Your trade is fast advancing,  
 You dance — but not for joy, because  
 You weep as you are dancing.  
 To dance implies that man is glad,  
 To weep implies that man is sad.

## DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER 95

But here are you  
Who do the two —  
You weep as you are dancing ! ”

His mania soon got noised about  
And into all the papers —  
His size increased beyond a doubt  
For all his reckless capers :  
It may seem singular to you,  
But all his friends admit it true —  
The more he found  
His figure round,  
The more he cut his capers.

His bulk increased — no matter that —  
He tried the more to toss it —  
He never spoke of it as “ fat ”  
But “ adipose deposit.”  
Upon my word, it seems to me  
Unpardonable vanity  
(And worse than that)  
To call your fat  
An “ adipose deposit.”

At length his brawny knees gave way,  
And on the  
carpet  
sinking,  
Upon his  
shapeless back  
he lay  
And kicked away like winking.



Instead of seeing in his state  
 The finger of unswerving Fate,  
 He labored still  
 To work his will,  
 And kicked away like winking.

His friends, disgusted with him now,  
 Away in silence wended —  
 I hardly like to tell you how  
 This dreadful story ended.



The shocking sequel to impart,  
 I must employ the limner's art —  
 If you would know,  
 This sketch will show  
 How his exertions ended.

#### MORAL.

I hate to preach — I hate to prate —  
 I 'm no fanatic croaker,  
 But learn contentment from the fate  
 Of this East India broker.  
 He 'd everything a man of taste  
 Could ever want, except a waist:  
 And discontent  
 His size anent,  
 And bootless perseverance blind,  
 Completely wrecked the peace of mind  
 Of this East India broker.



## THE PANTOMIME “SUPER” TO HIS MASK

**V**AST empty shell !  
Impudent, preposterous abortion  
With vacant stare,  
And ragged hair,  
And every feature out of all proportion !  
Embodiment of echoing inanity !  
Excellent type of simpering insanity !  
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity !  
I ring thy knell !

To-night thou diest,  
Beast that destroy'st my heaven-born identity !  
Nine weeks of nights,  
Before the lights,  
Swamped in thine own preposterous nonentity,  
I 've been ill-treated, cursed, and thrashed  
diurnally,  
Credited for the smile you wear externally —  
I feel disposed to smash thy face, infernally,  
As there thou liest !

I 've been thy brain :  
*I've* been the brain that lit thy dull concavity !  
 The human race  
 Invest *my* face  
 With thine expression of unchecked depravity,  
 Invested with a ghastly reciprocity,  
*I've* been responsible for thy monstrosity,  
 I, for thy wanton, blundering ferocity —  
 But not again !

'T is time to toll  
 Thy knell, and that of follies pantomimical  
 A nine weeks' run,  
 And thou hast done  
 All thou canst do to make thyself inimical.  
 Adieu, embodiment of all inanity !  
 Excellent type of simpering insanity !  
 Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity !  
 Freed is thy soul !

(*The Mask respondeth.*)

Oh ! master mine,  
 Look thou within thee, ere again ill-using me.  
 Art thou aware  
 Of nothing there  
 Which might abuse thee, as thou art abusing me ?  
 A brain that mourns *thine* unredeemed rascality ?  
 A soul that weeps at *thy* threadbare morality ?  
 Both grieving that *their* individuality  
 Is merged in thine ?

## THE FORCE OF ARGUMENT

LORD B. was a nobleman bold,  
Who came of illustrious stocks,  
He was thirty or forty years old,  
And several feet in his socks.

To Turniptopville-by-the-Sea  
This elegant nobleman went,  
For that was a borough that he  
Was anxious to rep-per-re-sent.

At local assemblies he danced  
Until he felt thoroughly ill —  
He waltzed, and he galloped, and lanced,  
And threaded the mazy quadrille.

The maidens of Turniptopville  
Were simple — ingenuous — pure —  
And they all worked away with a will  
The nobleman's heart to secure.

Two maidens all others beyond  
Imagined their chances looked well —  
The one was the lively ANN POND,  
The other sad MARY MORELL.

ANN POND had determined to try  
 And carry the Earl with a rush,  
 Her principal  
 feature was eye,  
 Her greatest  
 accomplishment —  
 gush.



And MARY chose  
 this for her  
 play,  
 Whenever he  
 looked in  
 her eye,

She 'd blush and turn quickly away,  
 And fitter and flutter and sigh.

It was noticed he constantly sighed  
 As she worked out the scheme she had  
 planned —  
 A fact he endeavored to hide  
 With his aristocratical hand.

Old POND was a farmer, they say,  
 And so was old TOMMY MORELL.  
 In a humble and pottering way  
 They were doing exceedingly well.

They both of them carried by vote,  
 The Earl was a dangerous man,  
 So nervously clearing his throat,  
 One morning old TOMMY began :

“ My darter ’s no pratty young doll —  
 I ’m a plain-spoken Zommerzet man —  
 Now what do ’ee  
 mean by my  
 POLL,  
 And what  
 do ’ee  
 mean by  
 his  
 ANN ? ”



Said B., “ I  
 will give  
 you my bond  
 I mean them uncommonly well,  
 Believe me, my excellent POND,  
 And credit me, worthy MORELL.

“ It ’s quite indisputable, for  
 I ’ll prove it with singular ease,  
 You shall have it in ‘ Barbara ’ or  
 ‘ Celarent ’ — whichever you please.

“ You see, when an anchorite bows  
 To the yoke of intentional sin —  
 If the state of the country allows,  
 Homogeny always steps in —

“ It ’s a highly æsthetical bond,  
 As any mere ploughboy can tell — ”  
 “ Of course,” replied puzzled old POND.  
 “ I see,” said old TOMMY MORELL.

" Very good then," continued the lord,  
 " When it's fooled to the top of its bent,  
 With a sweep of a Damocles sword  
 The web of intention is rent.

" That's patent to all of us here,  
 As any mere schoolboy can tell."

POND answered, " Of course it's quite clear ; "  
 And so did that humbug MORELL.

" Its tone's esoteric in force —  
 I trust that I make myself clear ? " —  
 MORELL only answered, " Of course, " —  
 While POND slowly muttered, " Hear, hear."

" Volition — celestial prize,  
 Pellucid as porphyry cell —  
 Is based on a principle wise."

" Quite so," exclaimed POND and MORELL.

" From what I have said, you will see  
 That I could n't wed either — in fine,  
 By nature's unchanging degree  
 Your daughters could never be *mine*.

" Go home to your pigs and your ricks,  
 My hands of the matter I've rinsed."

So they take up their hats and their sticks,  
 And *exeunt ambo*, convinced.



*The GHOST, the GALLANT, the  
GAEL, & the GOBLIN*

O 'ER unreclaimed suburban clays  
Some years ago were hobblin'  
An elderly ghost of easy ways,  
And an influential goblin.

The ghost was a sombre spectral shape,  
A fine old five-act fogy,  
The goblin imp, a lithe young ape,  
A fine low-comedy bogy.

And as they exercised their joints,  
Promoting quick digestion,

They talked on  
several curious  
points,  
And raised  
this delicate  
question :

“ Which of us  
two is Number  
One —  
The ghostie, or the  
goblin ? ”

And o'er the point they raised in fun  
They fairly fell a-squablin'.



They 'd barely speak, and each, in fine,  
Grew more and more reflective,  
Each thought his own particular line  
By chalks the more effective.  
At length they settled some one should  
By each of them be haunted,  
And so arrange that either could  
Exert his prowess vaunted.

"The Quaint against the Statuesque" —  
By competition lawful —  
The goblin backed the Quaint Grotesque,  
The ghost the Grandly Awful.  
"Now," said the goblin, "here 's my  
plan —  
In attitude commanding,  
I see a stalwart Englishman  
By yonder tailor's standing.

"The very fittest man on earth  
My influence to try on —  
Of gentle, p'r'aps of noble birth,  
And dauntless as a lion !  
Now wrap yourself within your shroud —  
Remain in easy hearing —  
Observe — you 'll hear him scream aloud  
When I begin appearing ! "

The imp with yell unearthly — wild —  
Threw off his dark enclosure :  
His dauntless victim looked and smiled  
With singular composure.

For hours he tried to daunt the youth,  
For days, indeed, but vainly —

The stripling  
smiled ! — to  
tell the truth,  
The stripling  
smiled inanely.



For weeks                    That  
the goblin,  
weird and  
wild,  
                                  noble  
                                  stripling  
                                  haunted;

For weeks the stripling stood and smiled  
Unmoved and all undaunted.

The sombre ghost exclaimed, "Your plan  
Has failed you, goblin, plainly :  
Now watch yon hardy Hieland man,  
So stalwart and ungainly."

“ These are the men who chase the roe,  
Whose footsteps never falter,  
Who bring with them, where'er they go,  
A smack of old **SIR WALTER**.  
Of such as he, the men sublime  
Who lead their troops victorious,  
Whose deeds go down to after-time  
Enshrined in annals glorious !

“ Of such as he the bard has said  
‘ Hech thrawfu’ raltie rorkie !  
Wi’ thecht ta’ croonie clapperhead  
And fash’ wi’ unco pawkie ! ”

He 'll faint away when I appear  
 Upon his native heather ;  
 Or p'r'aps he 'll only scream with fear,  
 Or p'r'aps the two together.'

The spectre showed himself, alone,  
 To do his ghostly battling,



With curdling  
 groan and dismal  
 moan

And                      But no — the  
 lots of                      chiel's stout  
 chains                      Gaelic  
 a-rattling !              stuff

Withstood all  
 ghostly harrying,  
 His fingers closed upon the snu  
 Which upwards he was carrying.

For days that ghost declined to stir,

A foggy, shapeless giant —

For weeks that splendid officer

Stared back again defiant !

Just as the Englishman returned

The goblin's vulgar staring,

Just so the Scotchman boldly spurned

The ghost's unmannered scaring.

For several years the ghostly twain

These Britons bold have haunted,

But all their efforts are in vain,

Their victims stand undaunted.

## THE GHOST, GALLANT, ETC. 107

This very day the imp, and ghost,  
Whose powers the imp derided,  
Stand each at his allotted post —  
The bet is undecided.

## THE PHANTOM CURATE

*A Fable*

**A** BISHOP once—I will not name his  
see—

Annoyed his clergy in the mode conventional ;  
From pulpit-shackles never set them free,

And found a sin where sin was unintentional.  
All pleasures ended in abuse auricular—  
The Bishop was so terribly particular.

Though on the whole a wise and upright man,  
He sought to make of human pleasures clear-  
ances ;

And form his priests on that much-lauded plan  
Which pays undue attention to appearances.  
He could n't do good deeds without a psalm  
in 'em,

Although, in truth, he bore away the palm in  
'em.

Enraged to find a deacon at a dance,  
Or catch a curate at some mild frivolity,  
He sought by open censure to enhance  
Their dread of joining harmless social jollity.  
Yet he enjoyed (a fact of notoriety)  
The ordinary pleasures of society.

One evening, sitting at a pantomime,  
(Forbidden treat to those who stood in fear  
of him),  
Roaring at jokes, *sans* metre, sense, or rhyme,  
He turned and saw immediately in rear of him,  
His peace of mind upsetting, and annoying it,  
A curate, also heartily enjoying it.

Again, 't was Christmas Eve, and to enhance  
His children's pleasure in their harmless rol-  
licking,  
He, like a good old fellow, stood to dance,  
When something checked the current of his  
frolicking ;  
That curate, with a maid he treated lover-ly,  
Stood up and figured with him in the "Cover-  
ley ! "

Once, yielding to an universal choice  
(The company's demand was an emphatic one,  
For the old Bishop had a glorious voice),  
In a quartet he joined — an operatic one.  
Harmless enough, though ne'er a word of grace  
in it,  
When, lo ! that curate came and took the bass  
in it !

One day, when passing through a quiet street,  
He stopped awhile and joined a Punch's gath-  
ering ;  
And chuckled more than solemn folk think meet,  
To see that gentleman his Judy lathering ;

And heard, as Punch was being treated penally,  
That phantom-curate laughing all hyænally.

Now at a picnic, 'mid fair golden curls,  
Bright eyes, straw hats, bottines that fit amaz-  
ingly :  
A *croquet*-bout is planned by all the girls ;  
And he, consenting, speaks of *croquet* prais-  
ingly.



But suddenly declines to play at all in it —  
The curate-fiend has come to take a ball in it !

Next, when at quiet seaside village, freed  
From cares episcopal and ties monarchical,  
He grows his beard, and smokes his fragrant  
weed,  
In manner anything but hierarchical —  
He sees — and fixes an unearthy stare on it —  
That curate's face, with half a yard of hair on it !

## THE PHANTOM CURATE      111

At length he gave a charge, and spake this word,  
"Vicars, your curates to enjoyment urge ye  
may;

To check their harmless pleasuring 's absurd;  
What laymen do without reproach, my clergy  
may."

He spake, and lo! at this concluding word of him,  
The curate vanished — no one since has heard  
of him.



## THE SENSATION CAPTAIN

**N**O nobler captain ever trod  
 Than CAPTAIN PARKLEBURY TODD,  
 So good — so wise — so brave, he !  
 But still, as all his friends would own,  
 He had one folly — one alone —  
 This captain in the Navy.

I do not think I ever knew  
 A man so wholly given to  
 Creating a sensation :  
 Or p'r'aps I should in justice say —  
 To what in an Adelphi play  
 Is known as " Situation."

He passed his time designing traps  
 To flurry unsuspicious chaps —  
 The taste was his innately —  
 He could n't walk into a room  
 Without ejaculating " Boom ! "  
 Which startled ladies greatly.

He 'd wear a mask and muffling cloak,  
 Not, you will understand, in joke,

As some assume disguises.  
 He did it, actuated by  
 A simple love of mystery  
 And fondness for surprises.

I need not say he loved a maid —  
 His eloquence threw into shade  
 All others who adored her :  
 The maid, though pleased at first, I know,  
 Found, after several years or so,  
 Her startling lover bored her.

So, when his  
 orders came  
 to sail,  
 She did not faint  
 or scream  
 or wail,  
 Or with her  
 tears anoint  
 him,  
 She shook his hand,  
 and said "good-bye,"  
 With laughter dancing in her eye —  
 Which seemed to disappoint him.



But ere he went aboard his boat  
 He placed around her little throat  
 A ribbon, blue and yellow,  
 On which he hung a double tooth —  
 A simple token this, in sooth —  
 'T was all he had, poor fellow !



"I often wonder," he would say,  
 When very, very far away,  
 "If ANGELINA wears it !  
 A plan has entered in my head,  
 I will pretend that I am dead,  
 And see how ANGRY bears it !"

The news he made a messmate tell :  
 His ANGELINA bore it well,  
 No sign gave she of crazing ;  
 But, steady as the Inchcape rock  
 His ANGELINA stood the shock  
 With fortitude amazing.

She said, " Some one I must elect  
 Poor ANGELINA to protect  
 From all who wish to harm her.  
 Since worthy CAPTAIN TODD is dead  
 I rather feel inclined to wed  
 A comfortable farmer."

## THE SENSATION CAPTAIN 115

A comfortable farmer came  
(BASSANIO TYLER was his name)

Who had            He said,  
no                    " My  
end of              noble gal,  
treasure :           be mine!"

The noble gal did  
not decline,  
But simply  
said, " With  
pleasure."



When this was told to CAPTAIN TODD,  
At first he thought it rather odd,  
And felt some perturbation,  
But very long he did not grieve,  
He thought he could a way perceive  
To *such* a situation!

"I'll not reveal myself," said he,  
"Till they are both in the Eccle-  
siastical Arena ;  
Then suddenly I will appear,  
And paralyzing them with fear,  
Demand my ANGELINA ! "

At length arrived the wedding day —  
Accoutred in the usual way  
Appeared the bridal body —  
The worthy clergyman began,  
When in the gallant captain ran  
And cried, " Behold your TODDY ! "

The bridegroom, p'r'aps, was terrified,  
And also possibly the bride —

The bridesmaids *were* affrighted :  
But ANGELINA, noble soul,  
Contrived her feelings to control,  
And really seemed delighted.

" My bride ! " said gallant CAPTAIN TODD,  
" She 's mine, uninteresting clod,  
My own, my darling charmer ! "



" Oh, dear," said she, " you 're just too late,  
I 'm married to, I beg to state,  
This comfortable farmer ! "

" Indeed," the farmer said, " she 's mine,  
You 've been and cut it far too fine ! "

" I see," said TODD, " I 'm beaten."  
And so he went to sea once more,  
" Sensation," he for aye forswore,  
And married on her native shore  
A lady whom he 'd met before —  
A lovely Otaheitan.



## TEMPORA MUTANTUR

**L**ETTERS, letters, letters, letters,  
 Some that please and some that bore,  
 Some that threaten prison fetters  
 (Metaphorically, fetters,  
 Such as bind insolvent debtors) —  
 Invitations by the score.

One from COGSON, WILES, and RAILER,  
 My attorneys, off the Strand,  
 One from COPPERBLOCK, my tailor —  
 My unreasonable tailor —  
 One in FLAGG's disgusting hand.

One from EPHRAIM and MOSES,  
 Wanting coin without a doubt,  
 I should like to pull their noses —  
 Their uncompromising noses ;  
 One from ALICE with the roses,  
 Ah, I know what that 's about !

Time was when I waited, waited,  
For the missives that she wrote.  
Humble postmen execrated —  
Loudly, deeply execrated —  
When I heard I was n't fated  
To be gladdened with a note.

Time was when I'd not have bartered  
Of her little pen a dip  
For a peerage duly gartered —  
For a peerage starred and gartered —  
With a palace-office chartered —  
Or a Secretaryship !

But the time for that is over,  
And I wish we'd never met.  
I'm afraid I've proved a rover —  
I'm afraid a heartless rover —  
Quarters in a place like Dover  
Tend to make a man forget.

Now I can accord precedence  
To my tailor, for I do  
Want to know if he gives credence —  
An unwarrantable credence —  
To my proffered I O U !

Bills for carriages and horses,  
Bills for wine and light cigar,  
Matters that concern the Forces —  
News that may affect the Forces —  
News affecting my resources,  
Now unquestioned take the *pas*.

And the tiny little paper,  
With the words that seem to run  
From her little fingers taper  
(They are very small and taper),  
By the tailor and the draper  
Are in interest outdone !

And unopened it 's remaining !  
I can read her gentle hope —  
Her entreaties, uncomplaining  
(She was always uncomplaining) —  
Her devotion never waning —  
Through the little envelope !

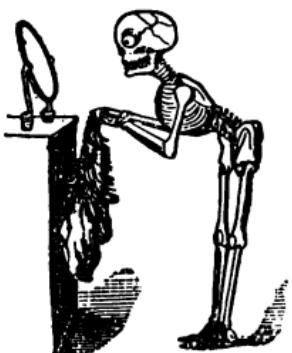
## AT A PANTOMIME

*By a Bilioos One*

**A**N Actor sits in doubtful gloom,  
 His stock-in-trade unfurled,  
 In a damp funereal dressing-room  
 In the Theatre Royal, World.

He comes to town at Christmas time,  
 And braves its icy breath,  
 To play in

that favorite  
 pantomime,  
*Harlequin Life  
 and Death.*



A hoary flowing  
 wig his  
 weird  
 Unearthly  
 cranium caps,

He hangs a long benevolent beard  
 On a pair of empty chaps.

To smooth his ghastly features down  
 The actor's art he cribs,  
 A long and a flowing padded gown  
 Bedecks his rattling ribs.

He cries, " Go on — begin, begin,  
 Turn on the light of lime —  
 I 'm dressed for jolly Old Christmas, in  
 A favorite pantomime ! "

The curtain 's up — the stage all black —  
 Time and the year nigh sped —  
 Time as an advertising quack —  
 The Old Year nearly dead.

The wand of Time is waved and lo,  
 Revealed Old Christmas stands,  
 And little children chuckle and crow,  
 And laugh and clap their hands.

The cruel	At the
old	death
scoundrel	of the
brightens	Olden
up	Year,

And he waves  
 a gorgeous  
 golden cup  
 And bids the  
 world good  
 cheer.



The little ones hail the festive King,  
 No thought can make them sad,  
 Their laughter comes with a sounding ring,  
 They clap and crow like mad !

They only see in the humbug old  
A holiday every year,  
And handsome gifts and joys untold  
And unaccustomed cheer.

The old ones palsied, blear, and hoar,  
Their breasts in anguish beat —  
They 've seen him seventy times before,  
How well they know the cheat !

They 've seen that ghastly pantomime,  
They 've felt its blighting breath,  
They know that rollicking Christmas time  
Meant Cold and Want and Death.

Starvation — Poor Law Union fare —  
And deadly cramps and chills,  
And illness — illness everywhere,  
And crime and Christmas bills.

They know old Christmas well, I ween,  
Those men of ripened age,  
They 've often, often, often seen  
That Actor off the stage.

They see in his gay rotundity  
A clumsy stuffed-out dress ;  
They see in the cup he waves on high  
A tinselled emptiness.

Those aged men so lean and wan,  
They 've seen it all before ;  
They know they 'll see the charlatan  
But twice or three times more.

And so they bear with dance and song,  
And crimson foil and green ;  
They wearily sit, and grimly long  
For the Transformation Scene.



KING BORRIA  
BUNGALEE BOO

**K**ING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO  
Was a man-eating African swell ;  
His sigh was a hullabaloo,  
His whisper a horrible yell —  
A horrible, horrible yell !

Four subjects, and all of them male,  
To BORRIA doubled the knee,  
They were once on a far larger scale,  
But he 'd eaten the balance, you see  
(“Scale” and “balance” is punning, you  
see.)

There was haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH,  
There was lumbering DOODLE-DUM-DEH,  
Despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH,  
And good little TOOTLE-TUM-  
TEH —  
Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH.

One day there was grief in the crew,  
For they had n't a morsel of meat,  
And BORRIA BUNGALEE Boo  
Was dying for something to eat —  
“Come, provide me with something to eat !”



IV

“ **A**LACK-A-DEY, famished I feel ;  
 Oh, good little **TOOTLE-TUM-TEH**,  
 Where on earth shall I look for a meal ?  
 For I have n’t no dinner to-day ! —  
 Not a morsel of dinner to-day !

“ **D**ear **TOOTLE-TUM**, what shall we do ?  
 Come, get us a meal, or in truth,  
 If you don’t we shall have to eat you,  
 Oh, adorable friend of our youth !  
 Thou beloved little friend of our youth ! ”

And he answered, “ **O**h **BUNGALEE Boo**,  
 For a moment I hope you will wait, —  
**TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-Loo**  
 Is the queen of a neighboring state —  
 A remarkably neighboring state.

“ **TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-Loo**,  
 She would pickle deliciously cold —  
 And her four pretty Amazons, too,  
 Are enticing, and not very old —  
 Twenty-seven is not very old.

“ There is neat little  
     **TITTY-FOL-LEH**,  
     There is rollicking  
     **TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH**,  
     There is jocular  
     **WAGGETY-WEH**,  
     There is musical **DOH-REH-MI-FAH** —  
     There’s the nightingale **DOH-REH-MI-FAH** ! ”



So the forces of BUNGALU BOO  
 Marched forth in a terrible row,  
 And the ladies who fought for QUOTES LOO  
 Prepared to encounter the foe —  
 This dreadful insatiate Joe!

But they sharpened no weapons at all,  
 And they poisoned no arrows — nor they!  
 They made ready to conquer or fall  
 In a totally different way —  
 An entirely different way,

With a crimson and pearly-white dye  
 They endeavored to make themselves fair,  
 With black they encircled each eye,  
 And with yellow they painted their hair  
 (It was wool, but they thought it was —)

And the forces  
 they met  
 In the  
 field —  
 And the men  
 at Koo  
 Bopoo —  
 "Amaaaaaa  
 immeaaaaa  
 yoooh!"  
 And their arrows  
 they drew  
 the hem  
 Yes, drew them right up to the hem.



But jocular WAGGETY-WEH,  
 Ogled DOODLE-DUM-DEH (which was wrong),  
 And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH  
 Said, " Tootle-Tum, you go along !  
 You naughty old dear, go along ! "

And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH  
 Tapped ALACK-A-DEY-AH with her fan ;  
 And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH  
 Said, " PISH, go away, you bad man !  
 Go away, you delightful young man ! "

And the Amazons simpered and sighed,  
 And they ogled, and giggled, and flushed,  
 And they

opened  
 their  
 pretty  
 eyes  
 wide,  
 And they  
 chuckled,  
 and flirted,  
 and blushed

(At least,  
 if they could, they 'd have blushed).



But haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH  
 Said, " ALACK-A-DEY, what does this mean ? "  
 And despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH  
 Said, " They think us uncommonly green,  
 Ha ! ha ! most uncommonly green ! "

Even blundering DOODLE-DUM-DEH  
 Was insensible quite to their leers,  
 And said good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,  
 " It 's your blood we desire, pretty dears —  
 We have come for our dinners, my dears ! "

And the Queen of the Amazons fell  
 To BORRIA BUNGALEE Boo,  
 In a mouthful he gulped, with a yell,  
 TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-Loo —  
 The pretty QUEEN TOL-THE-ROL-Loo.

And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH  
 Was eaten by PISH-POOH-BAH,  
 And light-hearted WAGGETTY-WEH  
 By dismal ALACK-A-DEH-AH —  
 Despairing ALACK-A-DEH-AH.

And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH  
 Was eaten by DOODLE-DUM-DEH,  
 And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH  
 By good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH —  
 Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH !





## THE PERIWINKLE GIRL

I 'VE often thought that headstrong youths,  
 Of decent education,  
 Determine all-important truths  
 With strange precipitation.

The over-ready victims they,  
 Of logical illusions,  
 And in a self-assertive way  
 They jump at strange conclusions.

Now take my case : Ere sorrow could  
 My ample forehead wrinkle,  
 I had determined that I would  
 Not like to be a winkle.

“A winkle,” I would oft advance  
 With readiness provoking,  
 “Can seldom flirt, and never dance,  
 Or soothe his mind by smoking.”

In short, I spurned the shelly joy,  
 And spoke with strange decision —  
 Men pointed to  
 me as a boy  
 Who held them  
 in derision.



But I was young —  
 too young, by  
 far —

Or I had been more wary,  
 I knew not then that winkles are  
 The stock-in-trade of MARY.

I had not seen her sunlight blithe  
 As o'er their shells it dances,  
 I 've seen those winkles almost writhe  
 Beneath her beaming glances.

Of slighting all the winky brood  
 I surely had been chary,  
 If I had known they formed the food  
 And stock-in-trade of MARY.

Both high and low and great and small  
 Fell prostrate at her tootsies,  
 They all were noblemen, and all  
 Had balances at COURTS's.

Dukes with the lovely maiden dealt,  
 DUKE BAILEY and DUKE HUMPHY,  
 Who eat her winkles till they felt  
 Exceedingly uncomfy.



DUKE BAILEY greatest wealth computes,  
 And sticks, they say, at no-thing.  
 He wears a pair of golden boots  
 And silver underclothing.

DUKE HUMPHY, as I understand,  
 Though mentally acuter,  
 His boots are only silver, and  
 His underclothing pewter.

A third adorer had the girl,	A man of lowly station —
A miserable grov'ling earl	
Besought her approbation.	



This humble cad she did refuse  
 With much contempt and loathing,  
 He wore a pair of leather shoes  
 And cambric underclothing !

"Ha! ha!" she cried, "Upon my word!"

"Well, really — come, I never!

Oh, go along, it's too absurd!

My goodness! Did you ever?

"Two dukes would make

their Bowles

a bride,

And from

her foes

defend

her" —



"Well, not  
exactly that,"

they cried,

"We offer guilty splendor.

"We do not offer marriage rite,  
So please dismiss the notion!"

"Oh, dear," said she, "that alters quite  
The state of my emotion."

The earl he up and says, says he,

"Dismiss them to their orgies,

For I am game to marry thee

Quite reg'lar at St. George's."

He'd had, it happily befell,

A decent education;

His views would have befitted well

A far superior station.

His sterling worth had worked a cure,  
She never heard him grumble ;  
She saw his soul was good and pure  
Although his rank was humble.

Her views of earldoms and their lot  
All underwent expansion ;  
Come, Virtue in an earldom's cot !  
Go, Vice in ducal mansion !

## THOMSON GREEN *and* HARRIET HALE

To be sung to the air of "An 'Orrible Tale"

**O**H, list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET  
HALE;

Its truth in one remark you 'll sum —  
" Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle  
twaddle twum ! "

Oh, THOMSON GREEN was an auctioneer,  
And made three hundred pounds a year ;  
And HARRIET HALE, most strange to say,  
Gave pianoforte lessons at a sovereign a day.

Oh, THOMSON GREEN, I may remark,  
Met HARRIET HALE  
in Regent's  
Park,  
Where he, in  
a casual kind  
of way,  
Spoke of the extraordinary beauty of the day.

They met again, and strange, though true,  
He courted her for a month or two,  
Then to her pa he said, says he,  
" Old man, I love your daughter and your  
daughter worships me ! "



Their names were regularly banned,  
The wedding day was settled, and,  
I've ascertained by dint of search,  
They were married on the quiet at St. Mary  
Abbott's Church.

Oh, list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE;  
Its truth in one remark you 'll sum,  
" Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle  
twaddle twum!"

That very self-same afternoon  
They started on their honeymoon,  
And (oh, astonishment !) took flight  
To a pretty little cottage close to Shanklin, Isle  
of Wight.

But now—you 'll doubt my word, I know—  
In a month they both returned, and lo !  
Astounding fact ! this happy pair  
Took a gentlemanly residence in Canonbury  
Square !

They led a weird and reckless life,  
They dined each day, this man and wife,  
(Pray disbelieve it, if you please)  
On a joint of meat, a pudding, and a little bit  
of cheese.

In time came those maternal joys  
Which take the form of girls or boys,

And strange to say of each they 'd one—  
A tiddy iddy daughter, and a tiddy iddy son !

Oh, list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE ;  
Its truth in one remark you 'll sum—  
" Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle  
twaddle twum."

My name for truth is gone, I fear,  
But, monstrous as it may appear,  
They let their drawing-room one day  
To an eligible person in the cotton-brokering  
way.



Whenever THOMSON  
GREEN fell sick  
His wife  
consulted  
DOCTOR CRICK,  
From whom  
some words  
like these  
would come—

*Fiat mist, sumendum baustus, in a  
cochleyareum.*

For thirty years this curious pair  
Hung out in Canonbury Square,  
And somehow, wonderful to say,  
They loved each other dearly in a quiet sort of  
way.

Well, THOMSON GREEN fell ill and died ;  
For just a year his widow cried,  
And then her  
heart she  
gave away  
To the eligible  
lodger in the  
cotton-brokering  
way.



Oh, list to this incredible tale  
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE ;  
Its truth in one remark you 'll sum —  
“ Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle  
twaddle twum ! ”

## BOB POLTER

**B**OB POLTER was a navvy, and  
His hands were coarse, and dirty too,  
His homely face was rough and tanned,  
His time of life was thirty-two.

He lived among a working clan  
(A wife he had n't got at all),  
A decent, steady, sober man —  
No saint, however — not at all.

He smoked, but in a modest way,  
Because he thought he needed it ;  
He drank a pot of beer a day,  
And sometimes he exceeded it.

At times he 'd pass with other men  
A loud convivial night or two,  
With, very likely, now and then,  
On Saturdays, a fight or two.

But still he was a sober soul,  
A labor-never-shirking man,  
Who paid his way — upon the whole  
A decent English workingman.

One day, when at the Nelson's Head,  
(For which he may be blamed of you)  
A holy man appeared and said,  
" Oh, ROBERT, I 'm ashamed of you."

He laid his hand on ROBERT's beer  
 Before he could drink up any,  
 And on the  
 floor, with  
 sigh and tear,  
 He poured  
 the pot of  
 "thruppenny."



" Oh, ROBERT,  
 at this very  
 bar,  
 A truth you 'll  
 be discovering,  
 A good and evil genius are  
 Around your noddle hovering.

" They both are here to bid you shun  
 The other one's society,  
 For Total Abstinence is one,  
 The other, Inebriety."

He waved his hand — a vapor came —  
 A wizard, POLTER reckoned him :  
 A bogey rose and called his name,  
 And with his finger beckoned him.

The monster's salient points to sum,  
 His heavy breath was portery ;  
 His glowing nose suggested rum ;  
 His eyes were gin-and-wortery.

His dress was torn — for dregs of ale  
 And slops of gin had rusted it ;  
 His pimpled  
 face was wan  
 and pale,  
 Where filth had  
 not encrusted it.



" Come, POLTER,"  
 said the fiend,  
 " begin,  
 And keep the  
 bowl a-flowing  
 on —

A workingman needs pints of gin  
 To keep his clockwork going on."

BOB shuddered : " Ah, you 've made a  
 miss,  
 If you take me for one of you —  
 You filthy beast, get out of this —  
 BOB POLTER don't want none of you."

The demon gave a  
 drunken shriek  
 And crept away  
 in stealthiness,  
 And lo, instead,  
 a person sleek  
 Who seemed  
 to burst with  
 healthiness.



“ In me, as your adviser hints,  
Of Abstinence you have got a type —  
Of MR. TWEEDIE’s pretty prints  
I am the happy prototype.

“ If you abjure the social toast,  
And pipes, and such frivolities,  
You possibly some day may boast  
My prepossessing qualities ! ”

BOB rubbed his eyes, and made 'em blink,  
“ You almost make me tremble, you !  
If I abjure fermented drink,  
Shall I, indeed, resemble you ?

“ And will my whiskers curl so tight ?  
My cheeks grow smug and muttony ?  
My face become so red and white ?  
My coat so blue and buttony ?

“ Will trousers, such as yours, array  
Extremities inferior ?  
Will chubbiness assert its sway  
All over my exterior ?

“ In this, my unenlightened state,  
To work in heavy boots I comes,  
Will pumps henceforward decorate  
My tiddle toddle tootsicums ?

" And shall I get so plump and fresh,  
 And look no longer seedily ?  
 My skin will henceforth fit my flesh  
 So tightly and so TWEEDIE-ly ? "

The phantom said, " You 'll have all this,  
 You 'll know no kind of huffiness,  
 Your life will be one chubby bliss,  
 One long unruffled puffiness ! "

" Be off," said irritated BOB.  
 " Why come you here to bother one ?  
 You pharisaical old snob,  
 You 're wuss almost than t' other one !

" I takes my pipe — I takes my pot,  
 And drunk I 'm never seen to be :  
 I 'm no teetotaller or sot,  
 And as I am I mean to be ! "

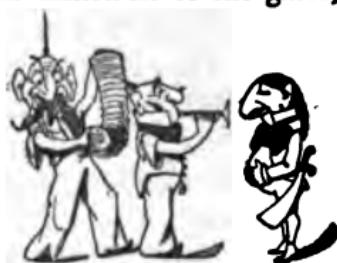
## THE STORY OF PRINCE AGIB

**S**TRIKE the concertina's melancholy string !  
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything !  
Let the piano's martial blast  
Rouse the Echoes of the Past,  
For of AGIB, PRINCE OF TARTARY, I sing !

Of AGIB, who amid Tartaric scenes  
Wrote a lot of ballet-music in his teens :  
His gentle spirit rolls  
In the melody of souls —  
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

Of AGIB, who could readily, at sight,  
Strum a march upon the loud Theodolite.  
He would diligently play  
On the Zoetrope all day,  
And blow the gay Pantechnicon all night.

One winter — I am shaky in my dates —  
Came two starving Tartar minstrels to his gates,  
Oh, ALLAH be  
obeyed,  
How infernally  
they played !  
I remember that they  
called themselves  
the "Oüaits."



Oh ! that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,  
 I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,  
 Photographically lined  
 On the tablet of my mind,  
 When a yesterday has faded from its page !

Alas ! PRINCE AGIB went and asked them in !  
 Gave them beer, and eggs, and sweets, and scent,  
 and tin.

And when (as snobs would say)  
 They "put it all away,"  
 He requested them to tune up and begin.

Though its icy horror chill you to the core,  
 I will tell you what  
 I never told  
 before,  
 The consequences true  
 Of that awful interview,  
*For I listened at  
 the keyhole in  
 the door !*

They played him a sonata — let me see !  
 " *Medulla oblongata* " — key of G.  
 Then they began to sing  
 That extremely lovely thing,  
*Scherzando ! ma non troppo, ppp.*"

He gave them money, more than they could  
 count,  
 Scent, from a most ingenious little fount,



More beer, in little kegs,  
 Many dozen hard-boiled eggs,  
 And goodies to a fabulous amount.

Now follows the dim horror of my tale,  
 And I feel I'm growing gradually pale,  
 For, even at this day,  
 Though its sting has passed away,  
 When I venture to remember it, I quail !

The elder of the brothers gave a squeal,  
 All-overish it made me for to feel !

“ Oh, PRINCE,” he says, says he,  
 “ If a Prince indeed you be,  
 I’ve a mystery  
 I’m going  
 to reveal !

“ Oh, listen, if  
 you’d shun a  
 horrid death,  
 To what the gent  
 who’s speaking to you, saith :  
 No ‘ Oüaits’ in truth are we,  
 As you fancy that we be,  
 For (ter-remble !) I am ALECK—this is BETH ! ”

Said AGIB, “ Oh ! accursed of your kind,  
 I have heard that ye are men of evil mind ! ”  
 BETH gave a dreadful shriek —  
 But before he’d time to speak  
 I was mercilessly collared from behind.



In number ten or twelve, or even more,  
They fastened me, full length upon the floor.  
On my face extended flat  
I was walloped with a cat,  
For listening at the keyhole of the door.

Oh ! the horror of that agonizing thrill !  
(I can feel the place in frosty weather still).  
For a week from ten to four  
I was fastened to the floor,  
While a mercenary wopped me with a will !

They branded me, and broke me on a wheel,  
And they left me in an hospital to heal ;  
And, upon my solemn word,  
I have never, never heard  
What those Tartars had determined to reveal.

But that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,  
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,  
Photographically lined  
On the tablet of my mind,  
When a yesterday has faded from its page !

## ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN

**M**ACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY  
ANGUS McCLAN

Was the son of an elderly laboring man ;  
You 've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader,  
at sight,  
And p'r'aps altogether, shrewd reader, you 're  
right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the beastly Dee-side,  
Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of  
the Clyde,  
There was n't a child or a woman or man  
Who could pipe with CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS  
McCLAN.

No other could wake  
such detestable groans,  
With reed and with  
chaunter — with bag  
and with drones :  
All day and all night  
he delighted the chielis  
With sniggering  
pibrochs and  
jiggety reels.



He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,  
And the neighboring maidens would gather around

To list to his pipes  
and to gaze in  
his een,  
Especially **ELLEN**  
**MCJONES**  
**ABERDEEN.**



All loved their  
**McCLAN**, save  
a Sassenach  
brute,  
Who came to the  
Highlands to fish  
and to shoot;

He dressed himself up in a Highlander way;  
Tho' his name it was **PATTISON CORBY TORBAY.**

**TORBAY** had incurred a good deal of expense  
To make him a Scotchman in every sense;  
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,  
That is n't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,  
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and  
kilt;  
Stick a skean in his hose — wear an acre of  
stripes —  
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

CLONGLOCKETTY's pipings all night and all day  
Quite frenzied poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY ;  
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,  
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

“ MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS, my  
lad,  
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me  
mad.  
If you really must play on that cursed affair,  
My goodness, play something resembling an  
air.”

Boiled over, the blood of MACPHAIRSON Mc-  
CLAN —  
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man ;  
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween —  
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

“ Let 's show,” said McCLAN, “ to this Sasse-  
nach loon  
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.  
Let 's see,” said McCLAN, as he thoughtfully  
sat,  
“ ‘ In my Cottage ’ is easy — I 'll practise at  
that.”

He blew at his “ Cottage,” and blew with a  
will,  
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until  
(You 'll hardly believe it) McCLAN, I declare,  
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the  
breeze—  
It wandered about into several keys.  
It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I'm aware;  
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach  
danced;  
He shrieked in his agony — bellowed and  
pranced.  
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the  
scene,  
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

" Hech gather, hech gather, hech  
gather around,  
And fill a' ye lugs  
wi' the exquisite  
sound.  
An air fra' the  
bagpipes — beat  
that if ye can !  
Hurrah for  
CLONGLOCKETTY  
ANGUS  
McCLAN ! "



The fame of his piping spread over the  
land :  
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,  
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green —  
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore  
 He'd stand it      And (this  
 no longer —      was, I  
 he drew      think, in  
 his      extremely  
 claymore,      bad taste),  
 Divided CLONGLOCKETTY  
 close to the waist.



Oh ! loud were the  
 wailings for ANGUS  
 McCLAN,  
 Oh ! deep was the grief  
 for that excellent man —  
 The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,  
 Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

It sorrowed poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY  
 To find them "take on" in this serious  
 way ;  
 He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,  
 And solaced their souls with the following  
 words : —

" Oh, maidens," said PATTISON, touching his  
 hat,  
 " Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like  
 that ;  
 Observe, I 'm a very superior man,  
 A much better fellow than ANGUS McCLAN."



They smiled when  
he winked and  
addressed them as  
"dears,"  
And they all of them  
vowed, as they dried  
up their tears,

A pleasanter gentleman never was seen —  
Especially **ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.**

## PETER THE WAG

**P**OLICEMAN PETER FORTH I drag  
From his obscure retreat :

He was a merry, genial wag,

Who loved a mad conceit.

If he were asked the time of day

By country bumpkins green,

He not unfrequently would say,

“A quarter past thirteen.”

If ever you, by word of mouth,

Inquired of **MISTER FORTH**

The way to somewhere

in the South,

He                      With

always              little

sent                   boys

you                   his beat

North.              along

He loved to

stop and play ;

He loved to send

old ladies wrong,

And teach their feet to stray.

He would in frolic moments, when

Such mischief bent upon,

Take Bishops up as betting men —

Bid Ministers move on.



Then all the worthy boys he knew  
 He regularly licked,  
 And always collared people who  
 Had had their pockets picked.

He was not naturally bad,  
 Or viciously inclined,  
 But from his early youth he had  
 A waggish turn of mind.  
 The Men of London grimly scowled  
 With indignation wild ;  
 The Men of London gruffly growled,  
 But PETER calmly smiled.

Against this minion of this Crown  
 The swelling murmurs grew —  
 From Camberwell to Kentish Town,  
 From Rotherhithe to Kew.  
 Still humored he his wagsome turn,  
 And fed in various ways  
 The coward rage that dared to burn  
 But did not dare to blaze.

Still, Retribution has her day,  
 Although her flight is slow ;  
*One day that Crusber lost his way*  
*Near Poland Street, Sobo.*  
 The haughty boy, too proud to ask,  
 To find his way resolved,  
 And in the tangle of his task  
 Got more and more involved.

The Men of London, overjoyed,  
 Came there to jeer their foe —  
 And flocking crowds completely cloyed  
 The mazes of Soho.

The news, on telegraphic wires,  
 Sped swiftly o'er the lea,  
 Excursion trains from distant shires  
 Brought myriads to see.

For weeks he trod his self-made beats  
 Through Newport- Gerrard- Bear-  
 Greek- Rupert-  
 Frith- Dean-  
 Poland-streets

And into  
 Golden-square.

But all, alas, in  
 vain, for when  
 He tried to learn  
 the way

Of little boys or grown-up men,  
 They none of them would say.



Their eyes would flash — their teeth would  
 grind —  
 Their lips would tightly curl —  
 They'd say, "Thy way thyself must find,  
 Thou misdirecting churl!"  
 And, similarly, also, when  
 He tried a foreign friend;  
 Italians answered, "Il balen" —  
 The French, "No comprehend."

The Russ would  
say, with  
gleaming eye,  
"Sebastopol!"  
and groan.  
The Greek said,  
"Τύπτω,  
τύπτομαι,  
Τύπτω, τύπτειν,  
τύπτων."



To wander thus for many a year  
That Crusher never ceased—  
The Men of London dropped a tear,  
Their anger was appeased.

At length exploring gangs were sent  
To find poor FORTH's remains—  
A handsome grant by Parliament  
Was voted for their pains.  
To seek the poor policeman out  
Bold spirits volunteered,  
And when at length they solved the doubt,  
The Men of London cheered.



And in a yard, dark, dank and drear,  
They found him, on the floor —  
It leads from Richmond Buildings — near  
The Royalty stage-door.  
With brandy cold and brandy hot  
They plied him starved and wet,  
And made him sergeant on the spot —  
The Men of London's pet !



## BEN ALLAH ACHMET

*Or the Fatal Tum*

**I** ONCE did know a Turkish man  
 Whom I upon a two-pair-back met ;  
 His name it was EFFENDI KHAN  
 BACKSHEESH PASHA BEN ALLAH ACHMET.

A DOCTOR BROWN I also knew —  
 I've often eaten of his bounty —  
 The Turk and he they lived at Hooe,  
 In Sussex, that delightful county !

I knew a nice young lady there,  
 Her name was ISABELLA SHERSON,  
 And though she wore another's hair,  
 She was an interesting person.

The Turk adored the maid of Hooe  
 (Although his harem would have shocked her);  
 But BROWN adored that maiden, too :  
 He was a most seductive doctor.

They'd follow her where'er she'd go —  
 A course of action most improper ;  
 She neither knew by sight, and so  
 For neither of them cared a copper.

BROWN did not know that Turkish male,  
 He might have been his sainted mother :  
 The people in this simple tale  
 Are total strangers to each other.

One day that Turk he sickened sore,  
 Which threw him  
 straight into a  
 sharp pet ;  
 He threw himself  
 upon the floor  
 And rolled about  
 upon his — carpet.



It made him moan — it made him groan —  
 And almost wore him to a mummy :  
 Why should I hesitate to own  
 That pain was in his little tummy ?



At length a Doctor  
 came and rung  
 (As ALLAH ACHMET  
 had desired),  
 Who felt his pulse,  
 looked up his tongue,  
 And hummed and  
 hawed, and then  
 inquired :

"Where is the pain that long has preyed  
Upon you in so sad a way, sir?"  
The Turk he giggled, blushed, and said,  
"I don't exactly like to say, sir."

"Come, nonsense!" said good DOCTOR BROWN.  
"So this is Turkish coyness, is it?  
You must contrive to fight it down —  
Come, come, sir, please to be explicit."

The Turk he shyly bit his thumb,  
And coyly blushed like one half-witted,  
"The pain is in my little tum,"  
He, whispering, at length admitted.

"Then take you this, and take you that —  
Your blood flows sluggish in its channel —  
You must get rid of all this fat,  
And wear my medicated flannel.

"You 'll send for me, when you 're in need —  
My name is BROWN — your life I 've saved  
it!"  
"My rival!" shrieked the invalid,  
And drew a mighty sword and waved it:

"This to thy weazand, Christian pest!"  
Aloud the Turk in frenzy yelled it,  
And drove right through the Doctor's chest  
The sabre and the hand that held it.



The blow was a decisive one,  
 And DOCTOR Brown grew deadly pasty —  
 “ Now see the mischief that you ’ve done,—  
 You Turks are so extremely hasty.

“ There are two DOCTOR BROWNS in Hooe,  
 He ’s short and stout — I ’m tall and wizen ;  
 You ’ve been and run the wrong one through.  
 That ’s how the error has arisen.”

The accident was thus explained,  
 Apologies were only heard now :  
 “ At my mistake I ’m really pained,  
 I am, indeed, upon my word now.

“ With me, sir, you shall be interred,  
 A Mausoleum grand awaits me ”—  
 “ Oh, pray don’t say another word,  
 I ’m sure that more than compensates me.

“ But p’r’aps, kind Turk, you ’re full inside ? ”  
 “ There ’s room,” said he, “ for any number.”

And so they laid them down and died.  
 In proud Stamboul they sleep their slumber.

## THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO

**T**HERE were three niggers of Chickera-boo —

PACIFICO, BANG-BANG, POPCHOP — who  
Exclaimed, one terribly sultry day,  
“Oh, let 's be kings in a humble way.”

The first was a  
highly-accomplished  
“bones,”



The next  
elicited  
banjo  
tones,  
Who danced an excellent  
break-down “flap.”

The third  
was a  
quiet,  
retiring  
chap,

“We niggers,” said they, “have formed a plan  
By which, whenever we like, we can  
Extemporize islands near the beach,  
And then we 'll collar an island each.

“Three casks, from somebody else's stores,  
Shall rep-er-esent our island shores,  
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,  
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

“ Great Britain’s navy scours the sea,  
And everywhere her ships they be,  
She ’ll recognize our rank, perhaps,  
When she discovers we ’re Royal Chaps.

“ If to her skirts you want to cling,  
It ’s quite sufficient that you ’re a king ;  
She does not push inquiry far  
To learn what sort of king you are.”

A ship of several thousand tons,  
And mounting seventy-something guns,  
Ploughed, every year, the ocean blue,  
Discovering kings and countries new.

The brave REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP,  
Commanding that superior ship,  
Perceived one day, his glasses through,  
The kings that came from Chickeraboo.

“ Dear eyes ! ” said ADMIRAL PIP, “ I see  
Three flourishing islands on our lee.  
And, bless me ! most extror’nary thing !  
On every island stands a king !

“ Come, lower the Admiral’s gig,” he cried,  
“ And over the dancing waves I ’ll glide,  
That low obeisance I may do  
To those three kings of Chickeraboo ! ”

The admiral pulled to the islands three ;  
 The kings saluted him gracious *lee*.  
 The admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,  
 Pulled out a printed Alliance form.



" Your Majesty, sign me this, I pray —  
 I come in a friendly kind of way —  
 I come, if you please, with the best intents,  
 And QUEEN VICTORIA's compliments."

The kings were pleased as they well could be ;  
 The most retiring of all the three  
 In a " cellar-flap " to his joy gave vent  
 With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

The great REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP  
 Embarked on board his jolly big ship,  
 Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,  
 And off he sailed to his native shore.

ADMIRAL PIP directly went  
 To the Lord at the head of the Government,  
 Who made him, by a stroke of a quill,  
 BARON DE PIPPE, OF PIPPETONNEVILLE.

The College of Heralds permission yield  
That he should quarter upon his shield  
Three islands, *vert*, on a field of blue,  
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."

Ambassadors, yes, and attachés, too,  
Are going to sail for Chickeraboo.



And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,  
A bishop, who 's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things  
May come of alliance with darkey kings.  
Oh, may we never, whatever we do,  
Declare a war with Chickeraboo !

## JOE GOLIGHTLY

*Or, the First Lord's Daughter*

**A**TAR, but poorly prized,  
Long, shambling and unsightly,  
Thrashed, bullied, and despised,  
Was wretched JOE GOLIGHTLY.

He bore a workhouse brand,  
No pa or ma had claimed him,  
The Beadle found him, and  
The Board of Guardians named him.

P'r'aps some princess's son —  
A beggar p'r'aps his mother !  
*He* rather thought the one,  
*I* rather think the other.

He liked his ship at sea,  
He loved the salt sea-water ;  
He worshipped junk, and he  
Adored the First Lord's daughter.

The First Lord's daughter proud  
Snubbed earls and viscounts nightly —  
She sneered at barts aloud,  
And spurned poor JOE GOLIGHTLY.

Whene'er      Upon a  
 he              Channel  
 sailed          cruise,  
 afar            he

Unpacked his  
 light guitar  
 And sang this  
 ballad (Boosey).



BALLAD

*The moon is on the sea,  
 Willow !  
 The wind blows toward the lee,  
 Willow !  
 But though I sigh and sob and cry,  
 No Lady Jane for me,  
 Willow !*

*She says, " 'T were folly quite,  
 Willow !  
 For me to wed a wight,  
 Willow !  
 Whose lot is cast before the mast ;'"  
 And possibly she's right,  
 Willow !*

His skipper (CAPTAIN JOYCE)  
 He gave him many a rating,  
 And almost lost his voice  
 From thus expostulating :

"Lay out, you blubber, do !  
 What's come to that young man, JOE ?  
 Belay ! — 'vast  
 heaving ! you !  
 Do kindly stop  
 that banjo ! "



"I wish, I do — oh, lor' !  
 You'd shipped  
 aboard a trader.

*Are you a sailor, or  
 A negro serenader ? "*

But still the stricken cad,  
 Aloft or on his pillow,  
 Howled forth in accents sad  
 His aggravating "Willow ! "

Stern love of duty had  
 Been JOYCE's chiefest beauty —  
 Says he, "I love that lad,  
 But duty, damme ! duty ! "

"Twelve years black-hole, I say,  
 Where daylight never flashes ;  
 And always twice a day  
 Five hundred thousand lashes."

But JOSEPH had a mate,  
 A sailor stout and lusty,  
 A man of low estate,  
 But singularly trusty.

Says he, "Cheer hup, young JOE !  
 I 'll tell you what I 'm arter,  
 To that Fust Lord I 'll go  
 And ax him for his darter.

"To that Fust  
 Lord I 'll go  
 And say you love  
 her dearly."  
 And JOE said  
 (weeping  
 low),  
 "I wish you  
 would,  
 sincerely ! "

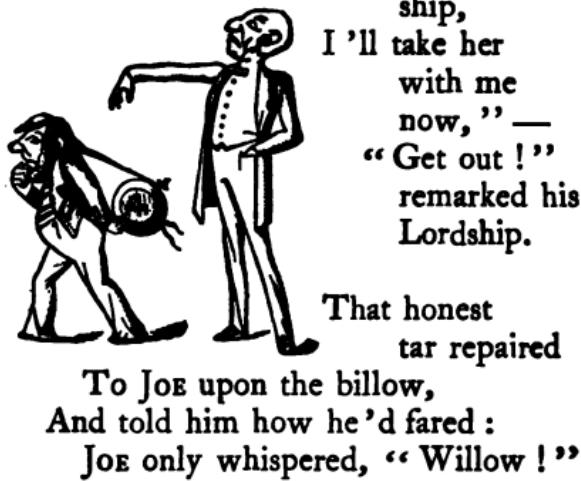


That sailor to that Lord  
 Went, soon as he had landed,  
 And of his own accord  
 An interview demanded.

Says he, with seaman's roll,  
 "My Captain (wot 's a Tartar),  
 Guv JOE twelve years' black-hole,  
 For lovering your darter.

"He loves Miss LADY JANE  
 (I own she is his betters),  
 But if you 'll jine them twain,  
 They 'll free him from his fetters.

" And if so be as how  
 You 'll let her come a-board  
 ship,  
 I 'll take her  
 with me  
 now, " —  
 " Get out ! " —  
 remarked his  
 Lordship.



That honest  
 tar repaired  
 To Joe upon the billow,  
 And told him how he 'd fared :  
 Joe only whispered, " Willow ! " "

And for that dreadful crime  
 (Young sailors learn to shun it)  
 He 's working out his time :  
 In ten years he 'll have done it.



## *To the TERRESTRIAL GLOBE*

*By a Miserable Wretch*

**R**OLL on, thou ball, roll on !  
Through pathless realms of Space  
Roll on !

What, though I 'm in a sorry case ?  
What, though I cannot meet my bills ?  
What, though I suffer toothache's ills ?  
What, though I swallow countless pills ?

Never *you* mind !  
Roll on !

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !  
Through seas of inky air  
Roll on !

It 's true I 've got no shirts to wear ;  
It 's true my butcher's bill is due ;  
It 's true my prospects all look blue —  
But don't let that unsettle you !

Never *you* mind !  
Roll on !

[*It rolls on.*

## GENTLE ALICE BROWN

**I**T was a robber's daughter, and her name  
was ALICE BROWN,  
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town ;  
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable  
old thing ;  
But it is n't of her parents that I 'm going for to  
sing.

As ALICE was a-sitting at her window-sill one  
day,



A beautiful young  
gentleman  
he chanced  
to pass that  
way ;  
She cast her  
eyes upon him,  
and he looked  
so good and true

That she thought, " I could be happy with a  
gentleman like you ! "

And every morning passed her house that cream  
of gentlemen ;  
She knew she might expect him at a quarter  
unto ten,

A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road

(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But ALICE was a pious girl, who knew it was n't wise

To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes ;

So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed,

The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

“Oh, holy father,” Alice said, “ ‘t would grieve you, would it not,

To discover that I was a most disreputable lot ?

Of all unhappy sinners, I ‘m the most unhappy one ! ”

The padre said, “ Whatever have you been and gone and done ? ”

“ I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,

I ‘ve assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,

I ‘ve planned a little burglary and forged a little check,

And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck ! ”

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped  
a silent tear —  
And said, " You must n't judge yourself too  
heavily, my dear —  
It 's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to  
fleece ;  
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown  
apiece.

" Girls will be girls — you 're very young, and  
flighty in your mind ;  
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not  
expect to find :  
We must n't be too hard upon these little girlish  
tricks —  
Let 's see — five crimes at half-a-crown — ex-  
actly twelve-and-six. "

" Oh, father," little ALICE cried, " your kind-  
ness makes me weep,  
You do these little things for me so singularly  
cheap —  
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget ;  
But, oh, there is another crime I have n't men-  
tioned yet !

" A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty  
purple eyes,  
I 've noticed at my window, as I 've sat a-catch-  
ing flies ;  
He passes by it every day as certain as can be —  
I blush to say I 've winked at him and he has winked at me ! "

“ For shame,” said FATHER PAUL, “ my erring daughter ! On my word

This is Why,  
 the naughty  
 most girl,  
 distressing your  
 news excellent  
 that papa has  
 I have pledged  
 ever heard. your hand

To a promising young  
 robber, the lieutenant of his band !

“ This dreadful piece of news will pain your  
 worthy parents so !

They are the most remunerative customers I  
 know ;

For many, many years they’ve kept starvation  
 from my doors ;

I never knew so criminal a family as yours !

“ The common country folk in this insipid  
 neighborhood

Have nothing to confess, they’re so ridiculously  
 good ;

And if you marry any one respectable at all,  
 Why, you’ll reform, and what will then be-  
 come of FATHER PAUL ? ”

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl  
 upon his crown,

And started off in haste to tell the news to  
 ROBBER BROWN ;



To tell him how his daughter, who now was  
for marriage fit,  
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated  
it.

Good ROBBER BROWN he muffled up his anger  
pretty well.  
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I  
will tell ;  
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into  
fits,  
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little  
bits.

" I 've studied human nature, and I know a  
thing or two ;  
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as  
many do—  
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will  
fall  
When she looks upon his body chopped particu-  
larly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban  
square ;  
He watched his opportunity and seized him  
unaware ;  
He took a life-preserved and he hit him on the  
head,  
And MRS. BROWN dissected him before she  
went to bed.

And pretty little ALICE grew more settled in her mind ;  
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,  
Until at length good ROBBER BROWN bestowed her pretty hand  
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.



*The BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY*

I 'M old, my dears, and shrivell'd, with age,  
 and work, and grief,  
 My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been  
 drawn by Time, the thief:  
 For terrible sights I 've seen, and dangers great  
 I 've run —  
 I 'm nearly seventy now, and my work is al-  
 most done!

Ah ! I 've been young in my time, and I 've  
 play'd the deuce with men —  
 I 'm speaking of ten years past — I was barely  
 sixty then :  
 My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes  
 were large and sweet,  
 POLL PINEAPPLE's eyes were the standing toast  
 of the Royal Fleet.



A bumboat woman  
 was I, and I  
 faithfully served  
 the ships  
 With apples and  
 cakes, and fowls  
 and beer, and  
 halfpenny dips,

And beef for the generous mess, where the officers  
dine at nights,  
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollick-  
ing midshipmutes.

Of all the kind commanders who anchor'd in  
Portsmouth Bay,  
By far the sweetest of all was kind LIEUTENANT  
BELAYE.

LIEUTENANT BELAYE commanded the gunboat  
Hot Cross Bun,  
She was seven-and-thirty feet in length, and she  
carried a gun.

With the laudable view of enhancing his coun-  
try's naval pride,  
When people inquired her size, LIEUTENANT  
BELAYE replied,  
“ Oh, my ship ? my ship is the first of the  
Hundred and seventy-ones ! ”  
Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined  
it meant her guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon  
me down below :  
“ Come down, LITTLE BUTTERCUP, come ! ”  
(for he loved to call me so).  
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd  
taken a part,  
And so LIEUTENANT BELAYE won poor POLL  
PINEAPPLE's heart !

But at length his orders came, and he said one day, said he,  
 "I'm ordered to sail with the Hot Cross Bun to the German Sea."  
 And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they learnt the evil day,  
 For every Portsmouth maid loved good LIEUTENANT BELAYE.

And I went to a back, back street, with plenty of cheap, cheap shops,  
 And I bought an oilskin hat and a second-hand suit of slops,  
 And I went to LIEUTENANT BELAYE (and he never suspected *me*),  
 And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go to sea.

We sail'd that afternoon at the mystic hour of one, —  
 Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the Hot Cross Bun.  
 I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors sometimes swear,  
 But I never yet heard a Bun say anything wrong, I declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Mess-mate, ho ! what cheer ?"  
 But here on the Hot Cross Bun, it was "How do you do, my dear ?"



When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl  
 with a big, big D—,  
 But the strongest oath of the Hot Cross Buns  
 was a mild “ Dear me ! ”

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could  
 hardly call them slick:  
 Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely  
 sick ;  
 And whenever the weather was calm, and the  
 wind was light and fair,  
 They spent more time than a sailor should on  
 his back, back hair.

They certainly shiver'd and shook when order'd  
 aloft to run,  
 And they scream'd when LIEUTENANT BELAYE  
 discharged his only gun.  
 And as he was proud of his gun — such pride is  
 hardly wrong —  
 The lieutenant was blazing away at intervals all  
 day long.

They all agreed very well, though at times you  
heard it said  
That BILL had a way of his own of making his  
lips look red—  
That JOE look'd quite his age— or somebody  
might declare  
That BARNACLE's long pig-tail was never his  
own, own hair.

BELAYE would admit that his men were of no  
great use to him,  
"But then," he would say, "there is little to  
do on a gunboat trim.  
I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big  
gun too—  
And it is such a treat to sail with a gentle, well-  
bred crew."

I saw him every day! How happy the mo-  
ments sped!  
Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty  
weather ahead!  
(I do not mean that tempests threaten'd the  
Hot Cross Bun:  
In *that* case I don't know whatever we *should*  
have done!)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one  
day,  
And off on leave for a week went kind LIEU-  
TENANT BELAYE,

And after a long, long week had pass'd (and it seem'd like a life)

LIEUTENANT BELAYE return'd to his ship with a fair young wife !

He up and he says, says he, " O crew of the Hot Cross Bun,

Here is the wife of my heart, for the church has made us one."

And as he utter'd the word, the crew went out of their wits,

And all fell down in so many separate fainting fits.



And then their hair came down, or off, as the case might be,

And lo ! the rest of the crew were simple girls, like me,

Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array,

To follow the shifting fate of kind LIEUTENANT BELAYE.

• • • • •

184      THE "BAB" BALLADS

It 's strange to think *I* should ever have loved  
young men,  
But I 'm speaking of ten years past—I was  
barely sixty then,  
And now my cheeks are furrow'd with grief and  
age, I trow !  
And poor POLL PINEAPPLE's eyes have lost their  
lustre now !

